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SNARLEYYOW.

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SNARLEYYOW,

OR

THE DOG FIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"PETER SIMPLE," "FRANK MILDMAY," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SNARLEYYOW.

CHAPTER I.

In which are narrated the adventures which took place in the corporal's cruise in the jolly-boat.

Corporal Van Spitter, so soon as he had expended all his breath in shouting for help, sat down with such a flop of despair on the thwart of the boat, as very nearly to swamp it. As it was, the water poured in over the starboard-gunnel, until the boat was filled up to his ankles. This alarmed him still more, and he remained mute as a stockfish for a quarter of an hour, during which he was swept away by the tide until he was unable to discover the

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lights on shore. The wind freshened, and the water became more rough; the night was dark as pitch, and the corporal skimmed along before the wind and tide. "A tousand tyfels!" at last muttered the corporal, as the searching blast crept round his fat sides, and made him shiver. Gust succeeded gust, and, at last, the corporal's teeth chattered with the cold: he raised his feet out of the water at the bottom of the boat, for his feet were like ice, but in so doing, the weight of his body being above the centre of gravity, the boat careened over, and with a "Mein Gott!" he hastily replaced them in the cold water. And now a shower of rain and sleet came down upon the unprotected body of the corporal, which added to his misery, to his fear, and to his despair.

"Where am I?" muttered he; "what will become of me? Ah, mein Gott! twenty tousand tyfels—what had I to do in a boat—I, Corporal Van Spitter?" and then he was again silent for nearly half an hour. The wind

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shifted to the northward, and the rain cleared up, but it was only to make the corporal suffer more, for the freezing blast poured upon his wet clothes, and he felt chilled to the very centre of his vitals. His whole body trembled convulsively, he was frozen to the thwart, yet there was no appearance of daylight coming, and the corporal now abandoned himself to utter hopelessness and desperation, and commenced praying. He attempted the Lord's Prayer in Dutch, but could get no further than "art in heaven," for the rest, from disuse, had quite escaped the corporal's memory. He tried to recollect something else, but was equally unsuccessful; at last, he made up a sad mixture of swearing and praying.

"Mein Gott—a hundred tousand tyfels—gut Gott—twenty hundred tousand tyfels! Ah, Gott of mercy—million of tyfels! holy Gott Jesus!—twenty millions of tyfels—Gott for dam, I die of cold!" Such were the ejaculations of the corporal, allowing about ten mi-

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nutes to intervene between each, during which the wind blew more freshly, the waves rose, and the boat was whirled away.

But the corporal's miseries were to be prolonged; the flood-time of water was now spent, and the ebb commenced flowing against the wind and sea. This created what is called boiling water, that is, a contest between the wind forcing the waves one way, and the tide checking them the other, which makes the waves to lose their run, and they rise, and dance, and bubble into points. The consequence was, that the boat, as she was borne down by the tide against them, shipped a sea every moment, which the wind threw against the carcass of the corporal, who was now quite exhausted with more than four hours' exposure to a wintry night, the temperature being nearly down to zero. All the corporal's stoicism was gone; he talked wildly, crouched and gibbered in his fear, when he was suddenly roused by a heavy shock. He raised his head, which had

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sunk upon his chest, and beheld something close to him, and to the gunnel of the boat. It was a thin, tall figure, holding out his two arms at right angles, and apparently stooping over him. It was just in the position that Smallbones lay on the forecastle of the cutter on that day morning, when he was about to keelhaul him, and the corporal, in his state of mental and bodily depression, was certain that it was the ghost of the poor lad whom he had so often tortured. Terror raised his hair erect —his mouth was wide open—he could not speak—he tried to analyze it, but a wave dashed in his face—his eyes and mouth were filled with salt water, and the corporal threw himself down on the thwarts of the boat, quite regardless whether it went to the bottom or not; there he lay, half groaning, half praying, with his hands to his eyes, and his huge nether proportion raised in the air, every limb trembling with blended cold and fright. One hour

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more, and there would have been nothing but corporal parts of Corporal Spitter.

The reason why the last movement of the corporal did not swamp the boat, was simply that it was aground on one of the flats; and the figure which had alarmed the conscience-stricken corporal, was nothing more than the outside beacon of a weir for catching fish, being a thin post with a cross bar to it, certainly not unlike Smallbones in figure, supposing him to have put his arms in that position.

For upwards of an hour did the corporal lie reversed, when the day dawned, and the boat had been left high and dry upon the flat. The fishermen came down to examine their weir, and see what was their success, when they discovered the boat with its contents. At first they could not imagine what it was, for they could perceive nothing but the capacious round of the corporal, which rose up in the air, but, by degrees, they made out that there was a

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head and feet attached to it, and they contrived, with the united efforts of four men, to raise him up, and discovered that life was not yet extinct. They poured a little schnappes into his mouth, and he recovered so far as to open his eyes, and they having brought down with them two little carts drawn by dogs, they put the corporal into one, covered him up, and yoking all the dogs to the one cart, for the usual train could not move so heavy a weight, two of them escorted him up to their huts, while the others threw the fish caught into the cart which remained, and took possession of the boat. The fishermen's wives, perceiving the cart so heavily laden, imagined, as it approached the huts, that there had been unusual success, and were not a little disappointed when they found that instead of several bushels of fine fish, they had only caught a corporal of marines; but they were kind-hearted, for they had known misery, and Van Spitter was put into a bed, and covered up with all the blankets

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they could collect, and very soon was able to drink some warm soup offered to him. It was not, however, till long past noon, that the corporal was able to narrate what had taken place.

"Will your lieutenant pay us for saving you and bringing him his boat?" demanded the men.

Now, it must be observed, that a great revolution had taken place in the corporal's feelings since the horror and sufferings of the night. He felt hatred towards Vanslyperken, and good-will towards those whom he had treated unkindly. The supernatural appearance of Smallbones, in which he still believed, and which appeared to him as a warning—what he had suffered from cold and exhaustion, which by him was considered as a punishment for his treatment of the poor lad but the morning before, had changed the heart of Corporal Van Spitter, so he replied in Dutch,

"He will give you nothing, good people, not

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even a glass of schnappes, I tell you candidly—so keep the boat if you wish—I will not say a word about it, except that it is lost. He is not likely to see it again. Besides, you can alter it, and paint it."

This very generous present of his Majesty's property by the corporal, was very agreeable to the fishermen, as it amply repaid them for all their trouble. The corporal put on his clothes, and ate a hearty meal, was freely supplied with spirits, and went to bed quite recovered. The next morning, the fishermen took him down to Amsterdam in their own boat, when Van Spitter discovered that the Yungfrau had sailed; this was very puzzling, and Corporal Van Spitter did not know what to do. After some cogitation, it occurred to him that, for Vanslyperken's sake, he might be well received at the Lust Haus by widow Vandersloosh, little imagining how much at a discount was his lieutenant in that quarter.

To the Frau Vandersloosh accordingly he

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repaired, and the first person he met was Babette, who finding that the corporal was a Dutchman, and belonging to the Yungfrau, and who presumed that he had always felt the same ill-will towards Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow, as did the rest of the ship's campany, immediately entered into a narrative of the conduct of Snarleyyow on the preceding night, the anger of her mistress, and every other circumstance with which the reader is already acquainted. Corporal Van Spitter thus fortunately found out how matters stood previous to his introduction to the widow. He expatiated upon his sufferings, upon the indifference of his lieutenant in sailing as to what had become of him, and fully persuaded Babette not only that he was inimical, which now certainly he was, but that he always had been so, to Mr. Vanslyperken. Babette, who was always ready to retail news, went up to the widow, and amused her, as she dressed her, with the corporal's adventures, and the widow

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felt an interest in, before she had seen, Corporal Van Spitter, from the account of his "moving accidents by flood and field."

But if prepossessed in his favour before she saw him, what did she feel when she first beheld the substantial proportions of Corporal Van Spitter! There she beheld the beau ideal of her imagination—the very object of her widow's dreams—the antipodes of Vanslyperken, and as superior as "Hyperion to a Satyr." He had all the personal advantages, with none of the defects of her late husband; he was quite as fleshy, but had at least six inches more in height, and, in the eyes of the widow, the Corporal Van Spitter was the finest man she ever had beheld, and she mentally exclaimed, "There is the man for my money;" and, at the same time, resolved that she would win him. Alas! how short-sighted are mortals; little did the corporal imagine that the most untoward event in his life would be the cause of his being possessed of ease and com-

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petence. The widow received him most graciously, spoke in no measured terms against Vanslyperken, at which the corporal raised his huge shoulders, as much as to say, "He is even worse than you think him," was very violent against Snarleyyow, whom the corporal, aware that it was no mutiny, made no ceremony in "damning in heaps," as the saying is.

The widow begged that he would feel no uneasiness, as he should remain with her till the cutter returned; and an hour after the first introduction, Corporal Van Spitter had breakfasted with, and was actually sitting, by her request, on the little fubsy sofa, in the very place of Vanslyperken, with Frau Vandersloosh by his side.

We must pass over the few days during which the cutter was away. Widows have not that maiden modesty to thwart their wishes, which so often prevents a true love tale from being told. And all that the widow could not tell, Babette, duly instructed, told for her, and

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it was understood, before the cutter's arrival, that Corporal Van Spitter was the accepted lover of the Frau Vandersloosh. But still it was necessary that there should be secrecy, not only on account of the corporal's being under the command of the lieutenant, who, of course, would not allow himself to be crossed in his love without resenting it, but also, because it was not advisable that the crew of the Yungfrau should not be permitted to spend their money at the Lust Haus. It was therefore agreed that the lieutenant should be blinded, as to the real nature of the intimacy, and that nothing should take place until the cutter was paid off, and Corporal Van Spitter should be a gentleman at large.

Independent of the wisdom of the above proceedings, there was a secret pleasure to all parties in deceiving the deceiver Vanslyperken. But something else occurred which we must now refer to. The corporal's residence at the widow's house had not been unobserved by the

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Jesuit, who was the French agent in the house opposite, and it appeared to him, after the inquiries he had made, that Corporal Van Spitter might be made serviceable. He had been sent for and sounded, and it was canvassed with the widow whether he should accept the offers or not, and finally it was agreed that he should, as there would be little or no risk. Now, it so happened, that the corporal had gone over to the Jesuit's house to agree to the proposals, and was actually in the house conversing with him, when Vanslyperken arrived and knocked at the door. The corporal ascertaining who it was by a small clear spot left in the painted window for scrutiny, begged that he might be concealed, and was immediately shown into the next room by a door, which was hid behind a screen. The Jesuit did not exactly shut the door, as he supposed he did, and the corporal, who wondered what could have brought Vanslyperken there, kept it ajar during the whole of the interview and the

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counting out of the money. Vanslyperken left, and as he shut the other door the corporal did the same with the one he held ajar, and took a seat at the other end of the room, that the Jesuit might not suspect his having overheard all that had passed.

Now the Jesuit had made up his mind that it was better to treat with the principal than with a second, and therefore did not further require the services of Corporal Van Spitter. He told him that the lieutenant having received private information that one of the people of the cutter had been seen at his house, and knowing that he was the French agent, had come to inform him that if he attempted to employ any of his men in carrying letters, that he would inform against him to the authorities. That he was very sorry, but that after such a notice he was afraid that the arrangements could not proceed. The corporal appeared to be satisfied, and took his final leave. No wonder, therefore, that the

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widow and Barbette were on the watch, when they saw Vanslyperken enter the house, at the very time the corporal was there also.

The corporal went over to the widow's, and narrated all that he had heard and seen.

"Why, the traitor!" exclaimed the widow.

"Yes, mein Gott!" repeated the corporal.

"The villain to sell his country for gold."

"Yes, mein Gott!" repeated the corporal.

"Fifty guineas, did you say, Mynheer Van Spitter?"

"Yes, mein Gott!" repeated the corporal.

"Oh, the wretch!—well," continued the widow, "at all events he is in your power."

"Yes, mein Gott!"

"You can hang him any day in the week."

"Yes, mein Gott!"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Vanslyperken:—well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see," continued the widow, indignant at the lieutenant receiving so large a sum, which would otherwise have been,

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in all probability, made over to Corporal Van Spitter, with whom she now felt that their interests were in common.

"Tousand tyfels!" roared the corporal, dashing his foot upon one of the flaps of the little table before them with so much force, that it was broken short off and fell down on the floor.

"Hundred tousand tyfels!" continued the corporal, when he witnessed the effects of his violence.

Although the widow lamented her table, she forgave the corporal with a smile; she liked such proofs of strength in her intended, and she, moreover, knew that the accident was occasioned by indignation at Vanslyperken.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, you'll pay me for that," exclaimed she; "I prophecy that before long you and your nasty cur will both swing together."

The corporal now walked across the little parlour and back again, then turned to the

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widow Vandersloosh, and with a most expressive look slowly muttered,

"Yes, mein Gott!"

After which he sat down again by the side of the widow, and they had a short consultation; before it was over, Corporal Van Spitter declared himself the deadly enemy of Lieutenant Vanslyperken; swore that he would be his ruin, and ratified the oath upon the widow's lips. Alas! what changes there are in this world!

After which solemn compact the corporal rose, took his leave, went on board, and reported himself, as we have stated in the preceding chapter.

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CHAPTER II.

In which Snarleyyow proves to be the devil, and no mistake.

THAT the corporal mystified his lieutenant, may easily be supposed; but the corporal had other work to do, and he did it immediately. He went up to Jemmy Ducks, who looked daggers at him, and said to him quietly, "That he had something to say to him as soon as it was dusk, and they would not be seen together." Vanslyperken ordered the corporal to resume his office, and serve out the provisions that afternoon: and to the astonishment of the men, he gave them not only full, but overweight; and instead of abusing them, and being cross, he was good-humoured, and joked with them; and all the crew stared at each other, and

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wondered what could be the matter with Corporal Van Spitter. But what was their amazement, upon Snarleyyow's coming up to him as he was serving out provisions, instead of receiving something from the hand of the corporal as usual, he, on the contrary, received a sound kick on the ribs from his foot which sent him yelping back into the cabin. Their astonishment could only be equalled by that of Snarleyyow himself. But that was not all; it appeared as if wonders would never cease, for when Smallbones came up to receive his master's provisions, after the others had been served and gone away, the corporal not only kindly received him, but actually presented him with a stiff glass of grog mixed with the corporal's own hand. When he offered it, the lad could not believe his eyes, and even when he had poured it down his throat, he would not be lieve his own mouth; and he ran away, leaving his provisions, chuckling along the lower deck till he could gain the forecastle, and add

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this astonishing piece of intelligence to the other facts, which were already the theme of admiration.

"There be odd chops and changes in this here world, for sartin," observed Coble. (Exactly the same remark as we made at the end of the previous chapter.)

"Mayn't it all be gammon?" said Bill Spurey.

"Gammon, for why?" replied Jemmy Ducks.

"That's the question," rejoined Spurey.

"It appears to me that he must have had a touch of conscience," said Coble.

"Or else he must have seen a ghost," replied Smallbones.

"I've heard of ghosts ashore, and sometimes on board of a ship, but I never heard of a ghost in a jolly-boat," said Coble, spitting under the gun.

"'Specially when there were hardly room for the corporal," added Spurey.

"Yes," observed Short.

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"Well, we shall know something about it to-night, for the corporal and I am to have a palaver."

"Mind he don't circumwent you Jimmy," said Spurey.

"It's my opinion," said Smallbones, "that he must be in real arnest, otherwise he would not ha' come for to go for to give me a glass of grog—there's no gammon in that;—and such a real stiff 'un too," continued Smallbones, who licked his lips at the bare remembrance of the unusual luxury.

"True," said Short.

"It beats my comprehension altogether out of nothing," observed Spurey. "There's some thing very queer in the wind. I wonder where the corporal has been all this while."

"Wait till this evening," observed Jemmy Ducks; and, as this was very excellent advice, it was taken, and the parties separated.

In the despatches it had been requested, as important negotiations were going on, that the

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cutter might return immediately, as there were other communications to make to the States General on the part of the King of England; and a messenger now informed Vanslyperken that he might sail as soon as he pleased, as there was no reply to the despatches he had conveyed. This was very agreeable to Vanslyperken, who was anxious to return to the fair widow at Portsmouth, and also to avoid the Frau Vandersloosh. At dusk, he manned his boat and went on shore to the French agent, who had also found out that the cutter was ordered to return, and had his despatches nearly ready. Vanslyperken waited about an hour; when all was complete he received them, and then returned on board.

As soon as he had quitted the vessel, Corporal Van Spitter went to Jemmy Ducks, and without letting him know how matters stood on shore, told him that he was convinced that Vanslyperken had sent him into the boat on purpose to lose him, and that the reason was,

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that he, Van Spitter, knew secrets which would at any time hang the lieutenant. That in consequence he had determined upon revenge, and in future would be heart and hand with the ship's company; but that to secure their mutual object, it would be better that he should appear devoted to Vanslyperken as before, and at variance with the ship's company.

Now Jemmy, who was with all his wits at work, knew that it was Smallbones who cut the corporal adrift; but that did not alter the case, as the corporal did not know it. It was therefore advisable to leave him in that error. But he required proofs of the corporal's sincerity, and he told him so.

"Mein Gott! what proof will you have? De proof of de pudding is in de eating."

"Well, then," replied Jemmy, "will you shy the dog overboard?"

"Te tog?—in one minute—and de master after him."

Whereupon Corporal Van Spitter went down

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into the cabin, which Vanslyperken, trusting to his surveillance, had left unlocked, and seizing the cur by the neck, carried him on deck, and hurled him several yards over the cutter's quarter.

"Mein Gott! but dat is well done," observed Jansen.

"And he'll not come back wid de tide. I know de tide, Mein Gott!" observed the corporal, panting with the exertion.

But here the corporal was mistaken. Snarleyyow did not make for the vessel, but for the shore, and they could not in the dark ascertain what became of him, neither was the tide strong, for the flood was nearly over; the consequence was, that the dog gained the shore, and landed at the same stairs where the boats land. The men were not in the boat, but waiting at a beer-shop a little above, which Vanslyperken must pass when he came down again. Recognising the boat, the cur leapt into it, and after a good shaking under the thwarts, crept

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forward to where the men had thrown their pea jackets under the bow-sheets, curled himself up, and went to sleep.

Shortly afterwards the lieutenant came down with the men, and rowed on board; but the dog, which, exhausted with his exertion, was very comfortable where he was, did not come out, but remained in his snug berth.

The lieutenant and men left the boat when they arrived on board, without discovering that the dog was a passenger. About ten minutes after the lieutenant had come on board, Snarley-yow jumped on deck, but, as all the men were forward in close consultation, and in anticipation of Mr. Vanslyperken's discovery of his loss, the dog gained the cabin, unperceived not only by the ship's company, but by Vanslyperken, who was busy locking up the letters intrusted to him by the French agent. Snarleyyow took his station under the table, and lay down to finish his nap, where we must leave him for the present in a sound sleep, and his

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snoring very soon reminded Vanslyperken of what he had, for a short time unheeded, that his favourite was present.

"Well, it's very odd," observed Spurey, "that he has been on board nearly half an hour, and not discovered that his dog is absent without leave."

"Yes," said Short.

"I know for why, mein Gott!" exclaimed the corporal, who shook his head very knowingly.

"The corporal knows why," observed Jemmy Ducks.

"Then why don't he say why?" retorted Bill Spurey, who was still a little suspicious of the corporal's fidelity.

"Because Mynheer Vanslyperken count his money—de guineas," replied the corporal, writhing at the idea of what he had lost by his superior's interference.

"Ho, ho! his money; well, that's a good reason, for he would skin a flint if he could," observed Coble; "but that can't last for ever."

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"That depends how often he may count it over," observed Jemmy Ducks—"but there's his bell;" and soon after Corporal Van Spitter's name was passed along the decks, to summon him into the presence of his commanding officer.

"Now for a breeze," said Coble, hitching up his trousers.

"Yes," replied Short.

"For a regular *shindy*," observed Spurey.

"Hell to pay and no pitch hot," added Jemmy, laughing; and they all remained in anxious expectation of the corporal's return.

Corporal Van Spitter had entered the cabin with the air of the profoundest devotion and respect—had raised his hand up as usual, but before the hand had arrived to its destination, he beheld Vanslyperken seated on the locker, patting the head of Snarleyyow, as if nothing had happened. At this unexpected resuscitation, the corporal uttered a tremendous "Mein Gott!" and burst like a mad bull out of th

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cabin, sweeping down all who obstructed his passage on the lower deck, till he arrived to the fore-ladder, which he climbed up with tottering knees, and then sank down on the forecastle at the feet of Jemmy Ducks.

"Mein Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott!" exclaimed the corporal putting his hands to his eyes as if to shut out the horrid vision.

"What the devil is the matter?" exclaimed Coble.

"Ah! mein Gott, mein Gott!"

As it was evident that something uncommon had happened, they all now crowded round the corporal, who, by degrees, recovered himself.

"What is it, corporal?" inquired Jemmy Ducks.

Before the corporal could reply, Smallbones, who had been summoned to the cabin on account of the corporal's unaccountable exit, sprang up the ladder with one bound, his hair flying in every direction, his eyes goggling, and his mouth wide open: lifting his hands over

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his head, and pausing as if for breath, the lad exclaimed with a solemn sepulchral voice, "By all the devils in hell he's come again!"

"Who?" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Snarleyyow," replied Smallbones, mournfully.

"Yes—mein Gott!" exclaimed Corporal Van Spitter, attempting to rise on his legs.

"Whew!" whistled Jemmy Ducks—but nobody else uttered a sound; they all looked at one another, some with compressed lips, others with mouths open. At last one shook his head —then another. The corporal rose on his feet and shook himself like an elephant.

"Dat tog is de tyfel's imp, and dat's de end on it," said he, with alarm still painted on his countenance.

"And is he really on board again?" inquired Coble, doubtingly.

"As sartin as I stands on this here forecastle —a kissing and slobbering the lieutenant for all

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the world like a Christian," replied Smallbones, despondingly.

"Then he flare fire on me wid his one eye," said the corporal.

"Warn't even wet," continued Smallbones.

Here there was another summons for Corporal Van Spitter.

"Mein Gott, I will not go," exclaimed the corporal.

"Yes, yes, go, corporal," replied Smallbones; "it's the best way to face the devil."

"Damn the devil!—and that's not swearing," exclaimed Short—such a long sentence out of his mouth was added to the marvels of the night—some even shrugged up their shoulders at that, as if it also were supernatural.

"I always say so," said Jansen, "I always say so—no tog, no tog, after all."

"No, no," replied Coble, shaking his head.

Corporal Van Spitter was again summoned, but the corporal was restive as a rhinoceros.

"Corporal," said Smallbones, who, since the

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glass of grog, was his sincere ally, and had quite forgotten and forgiven his treatment, "go down and see if you can't worm the truth out of him."

"Ay, do, do!" exclaimed the rest.

"Smallbones—Smallbones—wanted aft," was the next summons.

"And here I go," exclaimed Smallbones. "I defy the devil and all his works—as we said on Sunday at the workhouse."

"That lad's a prime bit of stuff," observed Spurey, "I will say that."

"Yes," replied Short.

In a few seconds Smallbones came hastily up the ladder.

"Corporal, you must go to the cabin directly. He is in a devil of a rage—asked me why you woudn't come—told him that you had seen something dreadful—didn't know what. Tell him you saw the devil at his elbow—see if it frightens him."

"Yes, do," exclaimed the others.

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Corporal Van Spitter made up his mind; he pulled down the skirts of his jacket, descended the ladder, and walked aft into the cabin. At the sight of Snarleyyow the corporal turned pale—at the sight of the corporal, Mr. Vanslyperken turned red.

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, in a rage. "What is all this about, corporal? Explain your conduct, sir. What made you rush out of the cabin in that strange manner?"

"Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken, I came for orders; but I no come keep company wid de tyfel."

"With the devil!—what do you mean?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, alarmed. The corporal, perceiving that the lieutenant was frightened, then entered into a detail, that when he had entered the cabin he had seen the devil sitting behind Mr. Vanslyperken, looking over his shoulder, and grinning with his great eyes, while he

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patted him over the back with his left hand and fondled the dog with his right.

This invention of the corporal's, whom Mr. Vanslyperken considered as a stanch friend and incapable of treachery, had a great effect upon Mr. Vanslyperken. It immediately rushed into his mind that he had attempted murder but a few days before, and that, that very day he had been a traitor to his country—quite sufficient for the devil to claim him as his own.

"Corporal Van Spitter," exclaimed Vanslyperken with a look of horror, "are you really in earnest, or are you not in your senses—you really saw him?"

"As true as I stand here," replied the corporal, who perceived his advantage.

"Then the Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, falling on his knees, at the moment forgetting the presence of the corporal, and then recollecting himself, he jumped up—"It is false, Corporal Van Spitter;

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false as you are yourself—confess," continued the lieutenant, seizing the corporal by the collar, "confess, that it is all a lie."

"A lie," exclaimed the corporal, who now lost his courage, "a lie, Mynheer Vanslyperken! If it was not the tyfel himself it was one of his imps, I take my Bible oath."

"One of his imps," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "it's a lie—an infamous lie: confess," continued he, shaking the corporal by the collar—"confess the truth."

At this moment Snarleyyow considered that he had a right to be a party in the fray, so he bounded forward at the corporal, who, terrified at the supernatural beast, broke from Vanslyperken's grasp, and rushed out of the cabin, followed, however, the whole length of the lower deck by the dog, who snapped and bayed at him till he had gained the fore ladder.

Once more did the corporal make his appearance on the forecastle, frightened and out of breath.

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"Mein Gott! de man is mad," exclaimed he, "and de tog is de tyfel himself." The corporal then narrated in broken English what had passed. For some time there was a confused whispering among the men; they considered the dog's reappearance on this occasion even more wonderful than on the former, for the men declared positively that he never came off in the boat, which, had he done, would have unravelled the whole mystery; and that a dog thrown overboard, and swept away by the tide should be discovered shortly after perfectly dry and comfortable, not only on board of the cutter, which he could not have got on board of, but also in his master's cabin, which he could not get into without being seen, proved at once that the animal was supernatural. No one was now hardy enough to deny it, and no one appeared to have the least idea of how to proceed, except Smallbones, who, as we have shown, was as full of energy as he was deficient in fat. On all occasions of this kind the bravest becomes

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the best man and takes the lead, and Smallbones. who appeared more collected and less alarmed than the others, was now listened to with attention, and the crowd collected round him.

"I don't care for him or for his dog either," exclaimed Smallbones, with a drawling intrepid tone; "that dog I'll settle the hash of some way or the other, if it be the devil's own cousin. I'll not come for to go to leave off now, that's sartain, as I am Peter Smallbones—I'se got a plan."

"Let's hear Smallbones,—let's hear Smallbones!" exclaimed some of the men. Whereupon they all collected round the lad, who addressed the crew as follows. His audience, at first, crowded up close to him, but Smallbones, who could not talk without his arms, which were about as long and thin as a Pongo's are in proportion to his body, flapped and flapped as he discoursed, until he had cleared a little ring, and when in the height of his energy he threw them

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about like the arms of a windmill, every one kept at a respectable distance.

"Well, now, I considers this, if so be as how the dog be a devil, and not a dog, I sees no reason for to come for to go for to be afraid; for ar'n't we all true Christians, and don't we all fear God and honour the king? I sartainly myself does consider that that ere dog could not a have cummed into this here vessel by any manner of means natural not by no means, 'cause it's very clear, that a dog if he be as he be a dog, can't do no more than other dog's can; and if he can do more than heither dog or man can, than he must be the devil, and not a dog—and so he is—that's sartain. But if so be as he is the devil, I say again, I don't care, 'cause I sees exactly how it is,—he be a devil, but he be only a sea-devil and not a shore-devil, and I'll tell you for why. Didn't he come on board some how no how in a gale of wind when he was called for? Didn't I sew him up in a bread-bag, and didn't he come back just as nothing

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had happened; and didn't the corporal launch him into a surge over the taffrail, and he comes back just as if nothing had happened? Well, then, one thing is clear; that his power be on the water, and no water will drown that ere imp, so it's no use trying no more in that way, for he be a sea-devil. But I thinks this: he goes on shore and he comes back with one of his impish eyes knocked out clean by somebody or another some how or another, and, therefore, I argues that he have no power on shore not by no means; for if you can knock his eye out, you can knock his soul out of his body, by only knocking a little more to the purpose. Who ever heard of any one knocking out the devil's eye, or injuring him in any way?—No; because he have power by sea and by land: but this here be only a water-devil, and he may be killed on dry land. Now, that's just my opinion, and as soon as I get's him on shore, I means to try what I can do. I don't fear him, nor his master, nor any thing else, 'cause I'm a Christian,

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and was baptized Peter; and I tells you all, that be he a dog, or be he a devil, I'll have a shy at him as soon as I can, and if I don't, I hope I may be d—d, that's all."

Such was the oration of Smallbones, which was remarkably well received. Every one agreed with the soundness of his arguments, and admired his resolution, and as he had comprised in his speech all that could be said upon the subject, they broke up the conference, and every one went down to his hammock.

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CHAPTER III.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken finds great cause of vexation and satisfaction.

In the mean while Mr. Vanslyperken was any thing but comfortable in his mind. That Corporal Van Spitter should assert that he saw the devil at his shoulder, was a matter of no small annoyance any way; for either the devil was at his shoulder or he was not. If he was, why then it was evident that in consequence of his having attempted murder, and having betrayed his country for money, the devil considered him as his own, and this Mr. Vanslyperken did not approve of; for, like many others in this world, he wished to commit every crime, and go to heaven after all. Mr. Vanslyperken was superstitious and cowardly,

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and he did believe that such a thing was possible; and when he canvassed it in his mind, he trembled, and looked over his shoulder.

But Corporal Van Spitter might have asserted it only to frighten him. It was possible —but here again was a difficulty: the corporal had been his faithful confidant for so long a while, and to suppose this, would be to suppose that the corporal was a traitor to him, and that, upon no grounds which Vanslyperken could conjecture, he had turned false: this was impossible—Mr. Vanslyperken would not credit it; so there he stuck, like a man between the horns of a dilemma, not knowing what to do; for Mr. Vanslyperken resolved, had the devil really been there, to have repented immediately, and have led a new life; but if the devil had not been there, Mr. Vanslyperken did not perceive any cause for such an immediate hurry.

At last, an idea presented itself to Mr. Van-

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slyperken's mind, which afforded him great comfort, which was, that the corporal had suffered so much from his boat adventures—for the corporal had made the most of his sufferings—that he was a little affected in his mind, and had thought that he had seen something. "It must have been so," said Mr. Vanslyperken, who fortified the idea with a glass of scheedam, and then went to bed.

Now, it so happened, that at the very time that Mr. Vanslyperken was arguing all this in his brain, Corporal Van Spitter was also cogitating how he should get out of his scrape; for the corporal, although not very bright, had much of the cunning of little minds, and he felt the necessity of lulling the suspicions of the lieutenant. To conceal his astonishment and fear at the appearance of the dog, he had libelled Mr. Vanslyperken, who would not easily forgive, and it was the corporal's interest to continue on the best terms with, and enjoy the confidence of his superior. How was this

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to be got over? It took the whole of the first watch, and two-thirds of the middle, before the corporal, who lay in his hammock, could hit upon any plan. At last he thought he had succeeded. At daybreak, Corporal Van Spitter entered the cabin of Mr. Vanslyperken, who very coolly desired him to tell Short to get all ready for weighing at six o'clock.

"If you please, Mynheer Vanslyperken, you think me mad last night 'cause I see de tyfel at your shoulder. Mynheer Vanslyperken, I see him twice again this night on lower deck. Mein Gott! Mynheer Vanslyperken, I say twice."

"Saw him again twice!" replied the lieutenant.

"Yes, Mynheer Vanslyperken, I see twice again—I see him very often since I drift in de boat. First, I see him when in de boat—since that I see him one time, two times, in de night."

"It's just as I thought," said Mr. Vansly-

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perken, "he has never got over his alarm of that night.—Very well, Corporal Van Spitter, it's of no consequence. I was very angry with you last night, because I thought you were taking great liberties; but I see now how it is, you must keep yourself quiet, and as soon as we arrive at Portsmouth, you had better lose a little blood."

"How much, Mynheer Vanslyperken, do you wish I should lose?" replied the corporal, with his military salute.

"About eight ounces, corporal."

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal, turning on his pivot, and marching out of the cabin.

This was a peculiarly satisfactory interview to both parties. Mr. Vanslyperken was overjoyed at the corporal's explanation, and the corporal was equally delighted at having so easily gulled his superior.

The cutter weighed that morning, and sailed for Portsmouth. We shall pass over the passage without any further remarks than that the

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corporal was reinstated into Mr. Vanslyperken's good graces—that he appeared as usual to be harsh with the ship's company, and to oppress Smallbones more than ever; but this was at the particular request of the lad, who played his own part to admiration—that Mr. Vanslyperken again brought up the question of flogging Jemmy Ducks, but was prevented by the corporal's expressing his fears of a mutiny—and had also some secret conference with the corporal as to his desire of vengeance upon Smallbones, to which Van Spitter gave a ready ear, and appeared to be equally willing with the lieutenant to bring it about. Things were in this state when the cutter arrived at Portsmouth, and, as usual, ran into the harbour. It may be supposed that Mr. Vanslyperken was in all haste to go on shore to pay his visit to his charming widow, but still there was one thing to be done first, which was to report himself to the admiral.

On his arrival at the admiral's, much to his

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dissatisfaction, he was informed that he must hold himself ready for sailing immediately, as despatches for the Hague were expected down on the next morning. This would give but a short time to pay his addresses, and he therefore made all haste to the widow's presence, and was most graciously received. She almost flew into his arms, upbraided him for being so long away, for not having written to her, and showed such marks of strong attachment, that Vanslyperken was in ecstasies. When he told her that he expected to sail again immediately, she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and appeared, to Vanslyperken at least, to shed a few bitter tears. As soon as she was a little more composed, Vanslyperken produced the packet with which he was intrusted, which she opened, and took out two letters, one for herself, and the other addressed to a certain person in a house in another street.

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"This," said the widow, "you must deliver yourself—it is of consequence. I would deliver it, but if I do, I shall not be able to look after my little arrangements for dinner, for you dine with me of course. Besides, you must be acquainted with this person one time or another, as it will be for OUR advantage."

"OUR advantage!" how delightful to Mr. Vanslyperken was that word! He jumped up immediately, and took his hat to execute the commission, the injunction of the widow to be soon back hastening his departure. Vanslyperken soon arrived at the door, knocked, and was admitted.

"Vat vash you vant, sare?" said a venerable looking old Jew, who opened the door to him.

"Is your name Lazarus?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Dat vash my name."

"I have a letter for you."

"A letter for me!—and from vare?"

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"Amsterdam."

"Shee! silence," said the Jew, leading the way into a small room, and shutting the door.

Vanslyperken delivered the letter, which the Jew did not open, but laid on the table. "It vas from my worthy friend in Billen Shaaten. He ist vell?"

"Quite well," replied Vanslyperken.

"Ven do you sail again, Mynheer?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Dat is good. I have the letters all ready; dey come down yesterday—vil you vait and take them now?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, who anticipated another rouleau of gold on his arrival at Amsterdam.

"An den I will give you your monish at de same time."

More money, thought Vanslyperken, who replied then, "With all my heart," and took a chair.

The Jew left the room, and soon returned

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with a small yellow bag, which he put into Vanslyperken's hand, and a large packet carefully sealed. "Dis vas of de hutmost importance," said the old man, giving him the packet. "You will find you monish all right, and now vas please just put your name here, for I vas responsible for all de account;" and the Jew laid down a receipt for Vanslyperken to sign. Vanslyperken read it over. It was an acknowledgment for the sum of fifty guineas, but not specifying for what service. He did not much like to sign it, but how could he refuse? Besides, as the Jew said, it was only to prove that the money was paid; nevertheless he objected.

"Vy vill you not sign? I must not lose my monish, and I shall lose it if you do not sign. Vat you fear—you not fear that we peach; ven peoples pay so high, they not pay for noting. We all sall hang togeder if de affair be found."

Hang together! thought Vanslyperken, whose fears were roused, and he turned pale.

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"You are vell paid for your shervices—you vas vell paid at doder side of de vater, and you are now von of us. You cannot go back, or your life vill be forfeit, I can assure you—you vill sign if you please—and you vill not leave dis house, until you do sign," continued the Jew. "You vill not take our monish and den give de information, and hang us all. You vill sign, if you please, sare."

There was a steadiness of countenance and a firmness in the tone of the old man, which told Vanslyperken that he was not to be trifled with, and assured him that he must have help at hand if requisite. If left to himself, the Jew would have been easily mastered by the lieutenant, but that such was not the case, was soon proved, by the old man ringing a small silver bell on the table, and shortly afterwards there was a rustling and noise, as if of several persons, heard in the passage. Vanslyperken now perceived that he was entrapped, and he also felt that it was too late to retreat. Actuated

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by his fear of violence on the one hand, and his love of gold on the other, he consented to sign the voucher required. As soon as this was done, the old Jew was all civility. He took the paper, and locked it up in a large cabinet, and then observed,

" It is for your own shafety, sare lieutenant, dat we are obliged to do dis. You have noting to fear—we are too much in want of good friends like you, to lose them, but we must be safe and shure; now you are von of us—you cannot tell but we can tell too—we profit togeder, and I vill hope dat we do run no risk to be hang togeder. Fader Abraham! we must not think of that, but of de good cause, and of de monish. I am a Jew, and I care not whether de Papist or de Protestant have de best of it—but I call it all de good cause, because every cause is good which brings de monish."

So thought Vanslyperken, who was in heart a Jew.

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"And now, sare, you vill please to take great care of de packet, and deliver it to our friend at Amsterdam, and you vill of course come to to me ven you return here."

Vanslyperken took his leave, with the packet in his pocket, not very well pleased; but as he put the packet in, he felt the yellow bag, and that to a certain degree consoled him. The old Jew escorted him to the door, with his little keen gray eyes fixed upon him, and Vanslyperken quailed before it, and was glad when he was once more in the street. He hastened back to the widow's house, full of thought—he certainly had never intended to have so committed himself as he had done, or to have positively enrolled himself among the partisans of the exiled king; but the money had entrapped him—he had twice taken their wages, and he had now been obliged to give them security for his fidelity, by enabling them to prove his guilt whenever they pleased. All

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this made Mr. Vanslyperken rather melancholy —but his meditations were put an end to by his arrival in the presence of the charming widow. She asked him what had passed, and he narrated it, but with a little variation, for he would not tell that he had signed through a fear of violence, but, at the same time, he observed, that he did not much like signing a receipt.

"But that is necessary," replied she; "and besides, why not? I know you are on our side, and you will prove most valuable to us. Indeed, I believe it was your readiness to meet my wishes that made me so fond of you, for I am devotedly attached to the rightful king, and I never would marry any man who would not risk life and soul for him, as you have done now."

The expression "life and soul," made Vanslyperken shudder, and his flesh crept all over his body.

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"Besides," continued the widow, "it will be no small help to us, for the remuneration is very great."

"To us!" thought Vanslyperken, who now thought it right to press his suit. He was listened to attentively, and at last he proposed an early day for the union. The widow blushed, and turned her head away, and at last replied, with a sweet smile, "Well, Mr. Vanslyperken, I will neither tease you nor myself —when you come back from your next trip, I consent to be yours."

What was Vanslyperken's delight and exultation! He threw himself on his knees, promised, and vowed, and thanked, kissed hands, and was in such ecstatics! He could hardly imagine that his good fortune was real. A beautiful widow with a handsome fortune— how could he ever have thought of throwing himself away upon such a bunch of deformity as the Frau Vandersloosh? Poor Mr. Vansly-

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perken! Dinner put an end to his protestations. He fared sumptuously, and drank freely to please the widow. He drank death to the usurper, and restoration to the King James. What a delightful evening! The widow was so amiable, so gentle, so yielding, so, so, so—what with wine and love, and fifty guineas in his pocket, Mr. Vanslyperken was so overcome with his feelings, that at last he felt but so so. After a hundred times returning to kiss her dear, dear hand, and at last sealing the contract on her lips, Mr. Vanslyperken departed, full of wine and hope—two very good things to lay in a stock of.

But there was something doing on board during Mr. Vanslyperken's absence. Notwithstanding Mr. Vanslyperken having ordered Moggy out of the cutter, she had taken the opportunity of his being away to go on board to her dear darling Jemmy. Dick Short did not prevent her coming on board, and he

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was commanding officer, so Moggy once more had her husband in her arms; but the fond pair soon retired to a quiet corner, where they had a long and serious conversation; so long, and so important, it would appear, that they did not break off until Mr. Vanslyperken came on board, just before dark. His quick eye soon perceived that there was a petticoat at the taffrail, where they retired that they might not be overheard, and he angrily inquired who it was, his wrath was not appeased when he heard that it was Salisbury's wife, and he ordered her immediately to be put on shore, and sent for Corporal Van Spitter in his cabin, to know why she was on board. The corporal replied, "That Mr. Short had let her in; that he had wished to speak on the subject, but that Mr. Short would not speak," and then entertained his superior with a long account of mutinous expressions on the lower deck, and threats of doing him (Mr. Vansly-

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perken) a mischief. This conversation was interrupted by a messenger coming on board with the despatches, and an order to sail at daylight, and return immediately without waiting for any answers.

The reader may wish to know the subject of the long conversation between Jemmy Ducks and his wife. It involved the following question. Moggy had become very useful to Nancy Corbett, and Nancy, whose services were required at the cave, and could not well be dispensed with, had long been anxious to find some one, who, with the same general knowledge of parties, and the same discrimination, could be employed in her stead. In Moggy she had found the person required, but Moggy would not consent without her husband was of the same party, and here lay the difficulty. Nancy had had a reply, which was satisfactory, from Sir Robert Barclay, so far as this. He required one or two more

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men, and they must be trustworthy, and able to perform the duty in the boats. Jemmy was not very great at pulling, for his arms were too short as well as his legs, but he was a capital steersman. All this had been explained to Nancy, who at last consented to Jemmy being added to the crew of the smuggler, and Moggy had gone off to the cutter to persuade Jemmy to desert, and to join the smugglers.

Now, as to joining the smugglers, Jemmy had not the least objection: he was tired of the cutter, and being separated from his wife had been to him a source of great discontent; but, as Jemmy very truly observed, "If I desert from the vessel, and am ever seen again, I am certain to be known, and taken up; therefore I will not desert, I will wait till I am paid off, unless you can procure my discharge by means of your friends." Such had been the result of the colloquy, when inter-

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rupted by the arrival of Vanslyperken, and the case thus stood, when, on the next morning, at daylight, the cutter weighed, and steered her course for the Texel.

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CHAPTER IV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken has nothing but trouble from the beginning to the end.

So soon as the cutter had sailed, Moggy hastened to the pretended widow to report the answer of her husband. Nancy considered that there was much sound judgment in what Jemmy had said, and immediately repaired to the house of the Jew, Lazarus, to whom she communicated her wishes. At that time, there were many people high in office who secretly favoured King James, and the links of communication between such humble individuals as we are treating of, with those in power, although distant, were perfect.

In a few days, an order came down for the discharge of James Salisbury from the cutter

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Yungfrau, and the letter the same day was put into the hands of the delighted Moggy.

Mr. Vanslyperken made his short passage to the Zuyder Zee, and anchored as usual; and when he had anchored, he proceeded to go on shore. Previously, however, to his stepping into the boat, the ship's company came aft, with Jemmy at their head, to know whether they might have leave on shore, as they were not very well pleased at their liberty having been stopped at Portsmouth.

Mr. Vanslyperken very politely told them that he would see them all at the devil first, and then stepped into his boat; he at once proceeded to the house of the Jesuit, and this time, much to his satisfaction, without having been perceived, as he thought, by the widow Vandersloosh and Babette, who did not appear at the door. Having delivered his despatches, and received his customary fee, Mr. Vanslyperken mentioned the difficulty of his coming to the house, as he was watched by some people

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opposite, and inquired if he could have the letters sent under cover to himself by some trusty hand, mentioning the ill-will of the parties in question. To this the Jesuit consented, and Vanslyperken took his leave; but on leaving the house he was again annoyed by the broad form of the widow, with Babette, as usual, at her shoulder, with their eyes fixed upon him. Without attempting a recognition, for Vanslyperken cared little for the opinion of the Frau Vandersloosh, now that he was accepted by the fair widow of Portsmouth, Mr. Vanslyperken walked quietly away.

"Ah, very well, Mr. Vanslyperken—very well," exclaimed the Frau Vandersloosh, as he pursued his way at a rapid rate; "very well, Mr. Vanslyperken—we shall see—three times have you entered those doors, and with a fifty guineas in your pocket, I'll be bound, every time that you have walked out of them. Treason is paid high, but the traitor sometimes hangs higher still. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken,

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we shall see—we are evidence, Mr. Vanslyperken—and I'll not be married before I see you well hanged, Mr. Vanslyperken. Deary me, Babette," exclaimed the widow, altering her tone, "I wonder how the corporal is: poor dear man, to be ruled by such a traitorous atomy as he."

"Perhaps he will come ashore, madam," replied Babette.

"No, no, he will never let him; but, as you say, perhaps he may. Put half a dozen bottles of the best beer to the stove—not too near, Babette—he is fond of my beer, and it does one's heart good to see him drink it, Babette. And, Babette, I'll just go up and put on something a little tidier. I think he will come—I know he will if he can."

We must leave the widow to decorate her person, and follow Vanslyperken down to the boat, and on board. On his arrival, he went down into the cabin to lock up his money. When Corporal Van Spitter went to the cabin-

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door, the corporal heard the clanking of the pieces as Vanslyperken counted them, and his bile was raised at the idea of Vanslyperken possessing that which should have been his own. The corporal waited a little, and then knocked. Vanslyperken put away the rest of his money, shut the drawer, and told him to come in.

The corporal saluted, and made a request to be allowed to go on shore for an hour or two.

"Go on shore! *you* go on shore, corporal? why you never asked to go on shore before," replied the suspicious Vanslyperken.

"If you please, sir," replied the corporal, "I wish to pay de people who gave me de board and de lodging ven I vas last on shore."

"Ah, very true, I forgot that, corporal. Well, then, you may go on shore; but do not stop long, for the people are much inclined to mutiny, and I cannot do without you."

The corporal quitted the cabin and was put

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on shore by two of the men in the small boat. He hastened up to the widow's house, and was received with open arms. Seated on the squab sofa, with a bottle of beer on the table, and five others all ready at the stove, the widow's smiles beaming on him, who could be more happy than the Corporal Van Spitter? The blinds were up at the windows, the front door fast to prevent intrusion, and then the widow and he entered into a long colloquy, interrupted occasionally by little amorous dallyings, which reminded you of the wooings of a male and female elephant.

We shall give the substance of the conversation. The widow expressed her indignation against Vanslyperken, and her resolution not to be married until he was hanged. The corporal immediately became an interested party, and vowed that he would assist all in his power. He narrated all that had passed since he had left the widow's, and the supernatural appearance of the dog after he had thrown it over-

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board. He then pointed out that it was necessary that Vanslyperken should not only be blinded as to the state of matters between them, but that, to entrap him still more, the widow should, if possible, make friends with him. To this the widow unwillingly consented; but as the corporal pointed out that that was the only chance of her occasionally seeing him, and that by his pretending to be in love with Babette, Vanslyperken might be deceived completely, she did consent; the more so, that the greater would be his disappointment at the end, the more complete would be her vengeance. Their plans being arranged, it was then debated whether it would not be better to send some message on board to Vanslyperken, and it was agreed that it should be taken by the corporal. At last all was arranged, the six bottles of beer were finished, and the corporal having been permitted to imprint as many hearty smacks upon the widow's thick and juicy lips, he returned on board.

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"Come on board, Mynheer Vanslyperken," said the corporal, entering the cabin.

"Very well, corporal; did you do all you wanted? for we sail again at daylight."

"Yes, mynheer, and I see somebody I never see before."

"Who was that, corporal?" replied Vanslyperken, for he had been feasting upon the recollections of the fair Portsmouth widow, and was in a very good humour.

"One fine Frau, Mynheer Vanslyperken—very fine Frau. Babette came up to me in the street."

"Oh, Babette—well, what did she say?"

Hereupon the corporal, as agreed with the widow, entered into a long explanation, stating his Babette had told him that her mistress was very much surprised that Mr. Vanslyperken had passed close to the door, and had never come in to call upon her; that her mistress had been quite satisfied with Mr. Vanslyperken's letter, and would wish to see him again; and that he,

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the corporal, had told Babette the dog had been destroyed by him, Mr. Vanslyperken, and he hoped he had done right in saying so."

"No," replied Vanslyperken, "you have done wrong; and if you go on shore again, you may just give this answer, that Mr. Vanslyperken don't care a d—n for the old woman; that she may carry her carcass to some other market, for Mr. Vanslyperken would not touch her with a pair of tongs. Will you recollect that, corporal?"

"Yes," replied the corporal, grinding his teeth at this insult to his betrothed, "yes, mynheer, I will recollect that. Mein Gott! I shall not forget it."

"Kill my dog, heh!" continued Vanslyperken, talking to himself aloud. "Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, you shall fret to some purpose. I'll worry down your fat for you. Yes, yes, Madam Vandersloosh, you shall bite your nails to the quick yet. Nothing would please

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you but Snarleyyow dead at your porch. My dog, indeed !—you may go now, corporal."

"Mein Gott! but ve vill see as well as you, Mynheer Vanslyperken," muttered the corporal, as he walked forward.

After dark, a man came alongside in a small boat, and desired to see Mr. Vanslyperken. As soon as he was in the cabin and the door shut, he laid some letters on the table, and without saying a word went on deck and on shore again. At daybreak the cutter weighed, and ran with a fair wind to Portsmouth.

With what a bounding heart did Mr. Vanslyperken step into the boat attired in his best! He hardly could prevail upon himself to report his arrival to the admiral, so impatient was he to throw himself at the fair widow's feet, and claim her promise upon his return. He did so, however, and then proceeded to the house in Castle-street.

His heart beat rapidly as he knocked at the

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door, and he awaited the opening with impatience. At last it was opened, but not by the widow's servant. "Is Mrs. Malcolm at home?" inquired Vanslyperken.

"Malcolm, sir!" replied the woman; "do you mean the lady who was living here, and left yesterday?"

"Left yesterday!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, hardly able to stand on his feet.

"Yes, only yesterday afternoon. Went away with a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, all amazement.

"Yes, sir; pray, sir, be you the officer of the king's cutter?"

"I am!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, leaning against the door-jamb for support.

"Then, sir, here be a letter for you." So saying, the woman pulled up her dirty apron, then her gown, and at last arrived at a queer fustian pocket, out of which she produced the missive, which had been jumbled in company

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with a bit of wax, a ball of blue worsted, some halfpence, a copper thimble, and a lump of Turkey rhubarb, from all of which companions it had received a variety of hues and colours. Vanslyperken seized the letter as soon as it was produced, and passing by the woman, went into the dining-parlour, where, with feelings of anxiety, he sat down, brushed the perspiration from his forehead, and read as follows:

"*My dear, dear, ever dear Mr. Vanslyperken,*

"Pity me, pity me, O pity me! Alas! how soon is the cup of bliss dashed from the lips of us poor mortals. I can hardly write, hardly hold my pen, or hold my head up. I cannot bear that, from my hand, you should be informed of the utter blight of all our hopes which blossomed so fully. Alas! alas! but it must be. O my head, my poor, poor head—how it swims! I was sitting at the fire side, thinking when you would return, and trying to find out if the wind was fair, when I heard a

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knock at the door. It was so like yours, that my heart beat, and I ran to the window, but I could not see who it was, so I sat down again. Imagine my surprise, my horror, my vexation, my distress, my agony, when who should come in but my supposed dead husband! I thought I should have died when I saw him. I dropped as it was, down into a swoon, and when I came to my senses, there he was hanging over me; thinking, poor fool, that I had swooned for joy, and kissing me—pah! yes, kissing me. O dear! O dear! My dear Mr. Vanslyperken, I thought of you, and what your feelings would be, when you know all this; but there he was alive, and in good health, and now I have nothing more to do but to lie down and die.

"It appears that in my ravings I called upon you over and over again, and discovered the real state of my poor bleeding heart, and he was very angry: he packed up every thing, and he insisted upon my leaving Portsmouth. Alas! I shall be buried in the north, and never see

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you again. But why should I, my dear Mr. Vanslyperken? what good will come of it? I am a virtuous woman, and will be so: but, O dear! I can write no more.

"Farewell, then, farewell! Farewell for ever! Dear Mr. Vanslyperken, think no more of your disconsolate, unhappy, heart-broken, miserable

"ANN MALCOLM.

"P. S. For my sake you will adhere to the good cause; I know you will, my dearest."

Mr. Vanslyperken perused this heart-rending epistle, and fell back on his chair almost suffocated. The woman, who had stood in the passage while he read the letter, came to his assistance, and pouring some water into his mouth, and throwing a portion of it over his face, partially revived him. Vanslyperken's head fell on the table upon his hands, and for some minutes remained in that position. He then rose, folded the letter, put it in his pocket,

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and staggered out of the house without saying a word.

O Nancy Corbett! Nancy Corbett! this was all your doing.

You had gained your point in winning over the poor man to commit treason—you had waited till he was so entangled that he could not escape, or in future refuse to obey the orders of the Jacobite party—you had seduced him, Nancy Corbett—you had intoxicated him—in short, Nancy, you had ruined him, and then you threw him over by this insidious and perfidious letter.

Vanslyperken walked away, he hardly knew whither—his mind was a chaos. It did so happen, that he took the direction of his mother's house, and, as he gradually recovered himself, he hastened there to give vent to his feelings. The old woman seldom or ever went out; if she did, it was in the dusk, to purchase in one half-hour enough to support existence for a fortnight.

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She was at home with her door locked, as usual, when he demanded admittance.

"Come in, child, come in," said the old beldame, as with palsied hands she undid the fastenings. "I dreamt of you, last night, Cornelius, and when I dream of others it bodes them no good."

Vanslyperken sat down on a chest, without giving any answer. He put his hand up to his forehead, and groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

"Ah! ah!" said his mother. "I have put my hand up in that way in my time. Yes, yes—when my brain burned—when I had done the deed. What have you done, my child? Pour out your feelings into your mother's bosom. Tell me all—tell me why—and tell me, did you get any money?"

"I have lost every thing," replied Vanslyperken, in a melancholy tone.

"Lost every thing! then you must begin over again, and take from others till you have

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recovered all. That's the way—I'll have more yet, before I die. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken remained silent for some time. He then, as usual, imparted to his mother all that had occurred.

"Well, well, my child; but there is the other one. Gold is gold, one wife is as good—to neglect—as another. My child, never marry a woman for love—she will make a fool of you. You have had a lucky escape—I see you have, Cornelius. But where is the gold you said you took for turning traitor—where is it?"

"I shall bring it on shore to-morrow, mother."

"Do, child, do. They may find you out—they may hang you—but they shall never wrest the gold from me. It will be safe—quite safe, with me, as long as I live. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken rose to depart; he was anxious to be aboard.

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"Go, child, go. I have hopes of you—you have murdered, have you not?

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken, "he lives yet."

"Then try again. At all events, you have wished to murder, and you have sold your country for gold. Cornelius Vanslyperken, by the hatred I bear the whole world, I feel that I almost love you now;—I see you are my own child. Now go, and mind to-morrow you bring the gold."

Vanslyperken quitted the house, and walked down to go on board again; the loss of the fair widow, all his hopes dashed at once to the ground, his having neglected the widow Vandersloosh and sent her an insulting message, had only the effect of raising his bile. He vowed vengeance against every body and every thing, especially against Smallbones, whom he was determined he would sacrifice: murder now was no longer horrible to his ideas; on

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the contrary, there was a pleasure in meditating upon it, and the loss of the expected fortune of the fair Mrs. Malcolm only made him more eager to obtain gold, and he contemplated treason as the means of so doing without any feelings of compunction.

On his arrival on board, he found an order from the Admiralty to discharge James Salisbury. This added to his choler and his meditations of revenge. Jemmy Ducks had not been forgotten; and he determined not to make known the order until he had punished him for his mutinous expressions; but Moggy had come on board during his absence, and delivered to her husband the letter from the Admiralty notifying his discharge. Vanslyperken sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult, but the corporal informed him that Jemmy Ducks knew of his discharge. Vanslyperken's anger was now without bounds. He hastened on deck, and ordered the hands to be turned up for punishment, but Corporal Van Spitter

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hastened to give warning to Jemmy, who did not pipe the hands when ordered.

"Where is that scoundrel, James Salisbury?" cried Vanslyperken.

"Here is James Salisbury," replied Jemmy, coming aft.

"Turn the hands up for punishment, sir."

"I don't belong to the vessel," replied Jemmy, going forward.

"Corporal Van Spitter—where is Corporal Van Spitter?"

"Here, sir," said the corporal, coming up the hatchway in a pretended bustle.

"Bring that man, Salisbury, aft."

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal, going forward with assumed eagerness.

But all the ship's company had resolved that this act of injustice should not be done. Salisbury was no longer in the service, and although they knew the corporal to be on their side, they surrounded Jemmy on the forecastle, and the corporal came aft, declaring

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that he could not get near the prisoner. As he made this report a loud female voice was heard alongside.

"So, you'd flog my Jemmy, would you, you varmint? But you won't though; he's not in the service, and you sha'n't touch him; but I'll tell you what, keep yourself on board, Mr. Leeftenant, for if I cotches you on shore, I'll make you sing in a way you don't think on. Yes, flog my Jemmy, my dear darling duck of a Jemmy—stop a minute—I'm coming aboard."

Suiting the action to the word, for the sailors had beckoned to Moggy to come on board, she boldly pulled alongside, and skipping over, she went up direct to Mr. Vanslyperken. "I'll just trouble you for my husband, and no mistake," cried Moggy.

"Corporal Van Spitter turn that woman out of the ship."

"Turn me, a lawful married woman, who comes arter my own husband with the orders

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of your masters, Mr. Leeftenant!—I'd like to see the man. I axes you for my Jemmy, and I'll trouble you just to hand him here—if not, look out for squalls, that's all. I demand my husband in the king's name, so just hand him over," continued Moggy, putting her nose so close to that of Mr. Vanslyperken that they nearly touched, and then after a few seconds pause, for Vanslyperken could not speak for rage, she added, "Well, you're a nice leeftenant, I don't think."

"Send for your marines, Corporal Van Spitter."

"I have, Mynheer Vanslyperken," replied the corporal, standing erect and saluting; "and if you please, sir, they have joined the ship's company. You and I, mynheer, are left to ourselves."

"I'll just trouble you for my little duck of a husband," repeated Moggy. Vanslyperken was at a nonplus. The crew were in a state of mutiny, the marines had joined them—what

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could he do? To appeal to the higher authorities would be committing himself, for he knew that he could not flog a man who no longer belonged to the vessel.

"I wants my husband," repeated Moggy, putting her arms a-kimbo.

Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply. The corporal waited for orders, and Moggy waited for her husband.

Just at this moment, Snarleyyow, who had followed his master on deck, had climbed up the small ladder, and was looking over the gunnel on the side where the boat lay in which Moggy came on board. Perceiving this, with the quickness of thought she ran at the dog and pushed him over the side into the boat, in which he fell with a heavy bound; she then descended the side, ordered the man to shove off, and kept at a short distance from the cutter with the dog in her possession.

"Now, now," cried Moggy, slapping her

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elbow, "hav'n't I got the dog, and won't I cut him up into sassingers and eat him in the bargain, if you won't give me my dear darling Jemmy and all his papers in the bargain?"

"Man the boat," cried Vanslyperken. But no one would obey the order.

"Look here," cried Moggy, flourishing a knife which she had borrowed from the man in the boat. "This is for the cur; and unless you let my Jemmy go, ay and directly too——"

"Mercy, woman!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "Do not harm the poor dog, and your husband shall go on shore."

"With his papers all ready to receive his pay?" inquired Moggy.

"Yes, with his papers and every thing, if you'll not harm the poor beast."

"Be quick about them, for my fingers are itching, I can tell you," replied Moggy. "Re-

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collect, I will have my Jemmy, and cut the dog's throat in the bargain if you don't look sharp."

"Directly, good woman, directly," cried Vanslyperken, "be patient."

"Good woman! no more a good woman than yourself," replied Moggy.

Vanslyperken desired the corporal to see Jemmy Ducks in the boat, and went down into the cabin to sign his pay order. He then returned, for he was dreadfully alarmed lest Moggy should put her threats in execution.

Jemmy's chest and hammocks were in the boat. He shook hands with his shipmates, and receiving the papers and his discharge from Corporal Van Spitter, and exchanging an intelligent glance with him, he went down the side. The boat pulled round the stern to take in Moggy, who then ordered the waterman to put the dog on board again.

"My word's as good as my bond," observed Moggy, as she stepped into the other boat,

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"and so there's your cur again, Mr. Leeftenant; but mark my words: I owe you one, and I'll pay you with interest before I have done with you."

Jemmy then raised his pipe to his lips, and sounded its loudest note: the men gave him three cheers, and Mr. Vanslyperken in a paroxysm of fury, ran down into his cabin.

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CHAPTER V.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves that he has a great aversion to cold steel.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN had been so much upset by the events of the day, that he had quite forgotten to deliver the letters intrusted to him to the care of the Jew Lazarus; weighty indeed must have been the events which could have prevented him from going to receive money.

He threw himself on his bed with combined feelings of rage and mortification, and slept a feverish sleep in his clothes.

His dreams were terrifying, and he awoke in the morning unrefreshed. The mutiny and defection of the ship's company, he ascribed entirely to the machinations of Smallbones,

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whom he now hated with a feeling so intense, that he felt he could have murdered him in the open day. Such were the first impulses that his mind resorted to upon his waking, and after some little demur, he sent for Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him. The corporal made his appearance, all humility and respect, and was again sounded as to what could be done with Smallbones, Vanslyperken hinting very clearly what his wishes tended to.

Corporal Van Spitter, who had made up his mind how to act after their previous conference, hummed and ha'ed, and appeared unwilling to enter upon the subject, until he was pushed by his commandant, when the corporal observed there was something very strange about the lad, and hinted at his being sent in the cutter on purpose to annoy his superior.

"That on that night upon which he had stated that he had seen the devil three times, once it was sitting on the head-clue of Small-

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bones's hammock, and at another time that he was evidently in converse with the lad, and that there were strange stories among the ship's company, who considered that both Smallbones and the dog were supernatural agents."

"My dog—Snarleyyow—a—what do you mean, corporal?"

The corporal then told Mr. Vanslyperken that he had discovered that several attempts had been made to drown the dog, but without success; and that among the rest, he had been thrown by Smallbones into the canal, tied up in a bread-bag, and had miraculously made his appearance again.

"The villain!" exclaimed Vanslyperken. "That then was the paving-stone. Now I've found it out, I'll cut his very soul out of his body."

But the corporal protested against open measures, as, although it was known by his own confession to be the case, it could not be proved, as none of the men would tell.

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"Besides, he did not think that any further attempts would be made, as Smallbones had been heard to laugh and say, 'that water would never hurt him or the dog,' which observation of the lad's had first made the ship's company suspect."

"Very true," exclaimed Vanslyperken; he floated out to the Nab buoy and back again, when I——" Here Mr. Vanslyperken stopped short, and he felt a dread of supernatural powers in the lad, when he thought of what had passed and what he now heard.

"So they think my dog——"

"De tyfel," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken was not very sorry for this, as it would be the dog's protection; but at the same time he was not at all easy about Smallbones; for Mr. Vanslyperken, as we have observed before, was both superstitious and cowardly.

"Water won't hurt him, did you say, corporal?"

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"Yes, mynheer."

"Then I'll try what a pistol will do, by heavens!" replied Vanslyperken. "He threw my dog into the canal, and I'll be revenged, if revenge is to be had. That will do, corporal, you may go now," continued Vanslyperken, who actually foamed with rage.

The corporal left the cabin, and it having occurred to Vanslyperken that he had not delivered the letters, he dressed himself to go on shore.

After having once more read through the letter of the fair widow, which, at the same time that it crushed all his hopes, from its kind tenour, poured some balm into his wounded heart, he sighed, folded it up, put it away, and went on deck.

"Pipe the gig away," said Mr. Vanslyperken.

"No pipe," replied Short.

This reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that Jem-

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my Ducks had left the ship, and vexed him again. He ordered the word to be passed to the boat's crew, and when it was manned he went on shore. As soon as he arrived at the house of Lazarus, he knocked, but it was some time before he was admitted, and the chain was still kept on the door, which was opened two inches to allow a scrutiny previous to entrance.

"Ah! it vash you, vash it, good sar? you may come in," said the Jew.

Vanslyperken walked into the parlour, where he found seated a young man of very handsome exterior, dressed according to the fashion of the cavaliers of the time. His hat, with a plume of black feathers, lay upon the table. This personage continued in his careless and easy position without rising when Vanslyperken entered, neither did he ask him to sit down.

"You are the officer of the cutter?" inquired the young man, with an air of authority not very pleasing to the lieutenant.

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"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, looking hard and indignantly in return.

"And you arrived yesterday morning? Pray, sir, why were not those letters delivered at once?"

"Because I had no time," replied Vanslyperken, sulkily.

"No time, sir; what do you mean by that? Your time is ours, sir. You are paid for it; for one shilling that you receive from the rascally government you condescend to serve and to betray, you receive from us pounds. Let not this happen again, my sir, or you may repent it."

Vanslyperken was not in the best of humours, and he angrily replied, "Then you may get others to do your work, for this is the last I'll do; pay me for them, and let me go."

"The last you'll do; you'll do as much as we please, and as long as we please. You are doubly in our power, scoundrel! You betray

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the government you serve, but you shall not betray us. If you had a thousand lives, you are a dead man the very moment you flinch from or neglect our work. Do your work faithfully, and you will be rewarded; but either you must do our work or die. You have but to choose."

"Indeed!" replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, indeed! And to prove that I am in earnest, I shall punish you for your neglect, by not paying you this time. You may leave the letters and go. But mind that you give us timely notice when you are ordered back to the Hague, for we shall want you."

Vanslyperken, indignant at this language, obeyed his first impulse, which was to snatch up the letters and attempt to leave the room.

"No pay, no letters!" exclaimed he, opening the door.

"Fool!" cried the young man with a bitter sneer, not stirring from his seat.

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Vanslyperken opened the door, and to his amazement there were three swords pointed to his heart. He started back.

"Will you leave the letters now?" observed the young man.

Vanslyperken threw them down on the table with every sign of perturbation, and remained silent and pale.

"And now perfectly understand me sir," said the young cavalier. "We make a great distinction between those who have joined the good cause, or rather, who have continued steadfast to their king from feelings of honour and loyalty, and those who are to be bought and sold. We honour the first, we despise the latter. Their services we require, and therefore we employ them. A traitor to the sovereign from whom he receives his pay, is not likely to be trusted by us. I know your character, that is sufficient. Now, although the government make no difference between one party or the other, with the exception

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that some may be honoured with the axe instead of the gibbet, you will observe what we do: and as our lives are already forfeited by attainder, we make no scruple of putting out of the way, any one whom we may even suspect of betraying us. Nay, more; we can furnish the government with sufficient proofs against you without any risk to ourselves, for we have many partisans who are still in office. Weigh now well all you have heard, and be assured, that although we despise you, and use you only as our tool, we will have faithful and diligent service; if not, your life is forfeited."

Vanslyperken heard all this with amazement and confusion: he immediately perceived that he was in a snare, from which escape was impossible. His coward heart sank within him, and he promised implicit obedience.

"Nevertheless, before you go you will sign your adherence to King James and his successors," observed the young cavalier. "Lazarus, bring in writing-materials." The Jew,

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who was at the door, complied with the order.

The cavalier took the pen and wrote down a certain form, in which Vanslyperken dedicated his life and means, as he valued his salvation, to the service of the exiled monarch. "Read that, and sign it, sir," said the cavalier, passing it over to Vanslyperken.

The lieutenant hesitated. "Your life depends upon it," continued the young man coolly; "do as you please."

Vanslyperken turned round; the swords were still pointed, and the eyes of those which held them were fixed upon the cavalier awaiting his orders. Vanslyperken perceived that there was no escape. With a trembling hand he affixed his signature.

"'Tis well:—now, observe, that at the first suspicion, or want of zeal, even, on your part, this will be forwarded through the proper channel, and even if you should escape the government, you will not escape us:—our name is

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Legion. You may go, sir;—do your work well, and you shall be well rewarded."

Vanslyperken hastened away, passing the swords, the points of which were now lowered for his passage. Perhaps he never till then felt how contemptible was a traitor. Indignant, mortified, and confused, still trembling with fear, and, at the same time, burning with rage, he hastened to his mother's house, for he had brought on shore with him the money which he had received at Amsterdam.

"What, more vexation, child?" said the old woman, looking Vanslyperken in the face as he entered.

"Yes," retorted Vanslyperken, folding his arms as he sat down.

It was some time before he would communicate to his mother all that happened. At last the truth, which even he felt ashamed of, was drawn out of him.

"Now may all the curses that ever befel a man fall on his head!" exclaimed Vanslyperken

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as he finished. "I would give soul and body to be revenged on him."

"That's my own child—that is what I have done, Cornelius, but I shall not die yet awhile. I like to hear you say that; but it must not be yet. Let them plot and plot, and when they think that all is ripe, and all is ready, and all will succeed—then—then is the time to revenge yourself—not yet—but for that revenge, death on the gallows would be sweet."

Vanslyperken shuddered:—he did not feel how death could in any way be sweet;—for some time he was wrapped up in his own thoughts.

"Have you brought the gold at last?" inquired the old woman.

"I have," replied Vanslyperken, who raised himself and produced it. "I ought to have had more,—but I'll be revenged."

"Yes, yes, but get more gold first. Never kill the goose that lays the golden egg, my

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child," replied the old woman, as she turned the key.

So many sudden and mortifying occurrences had taken place in forty-eight hours that Vanslyperken's brain was in a whirl. He felt goaded to do something, but he did not know what. Perhaps it would have been suicide had he not been a coward. He left his mother without speaking another word, and walked down to the boat, revolving first one and then another incident in his mind. At last, his ideas appeared to concentrate themselves into one point, which was a firm and raging animosity against Smallbones; and with the darkest intentions he hastened on board and went down into his cabin.

What was the result of these feelings will be seen in the ensuing chapter.

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CHAPTER VI.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken sees a ghost.

BEFORE we acquaint the reader with the movements of Mr. Vanslyperken, we must again revert to the history of the period in which we are writing. The Jacobite faction had assumed a formidable consistency, and every exertion was being made by them for an invasion of England. They knew that their friends were numerous, and that many who held office under the ruling government were attached to their cause, and only required such a demonstration to fly to arms with their numerous partisans.

Up to the present, all the machinations of the Jacobites had been carried on with secrecy

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and dexterity, but now was the time for action and decision. To aid the cause, it was considered expedient that some one of known fidelity should be sent to Amsterdam, where the projects of William might be discovered more easily than in England: for, as he communicated with the States General, and the States General were composed of many, secrets would come out, for that which is known to many soon becomes no longer a secret.

To effect this, letters of recommendation to one or two of those high in office in Holland, and who were supposed to be able to give information, and inclined to be confiding and garrulous, had been procured from the firm allies of King William, by those who pretended to be so only, for the agent who was about to be sent over, and this agent was the young cavalier who had treated Vanslyperken in so uncourteous a manner. He has already been mentioned to the reader by the name of Ramsay, and second in authority among the smug-

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glers. He was a young man of high family, and a brother to Lady Alice, of course trusted by Sir Robert and his second in command. He had been attainted for non-appearance, and condemned for high treason at the same time as had been his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Barclay, and had ever since been with him doing his duty in the boat and in command of the men, when Sir Robert's services or attendance were required at St. Germain's.

No one could be better adapted for the service he was to be employed upon. He was brave, cool, intelligent, and prepossessing. Of course, by his letters of introduction, he was represented as a firm ally of King William, and strongly recommended as such. The letters which Vanslyperken had neglected to deliver were of the utmost importance, and the character of the lieutenant being well known to Ramsay, through the medium of Nancy Corbett and others, he had treated him in the way which he

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considered as most likely to enforce a rigid compliance with their wishes.

Ramsay was right; for Vanslyperken was too much of a coward to venture upon resistance, although he might threaten it. It was the intention of Ramsay, moreover, to take a passage over with him in the Yungfrau, as his arrival in a king's vessel would add still more to the success of the enterprise which he had in contemplation.

We will now return to Mr. Vanslyperken, whom we left boiling with indignation. He is not in a better humour at this moment. He requires a victim to expend his wrath upon, and that victim he is resolved shall be Smallbones, upon whom his hate is concentrated.

He has sent for the corporal, and next ordered him to bring him a pistol and cartridge, which the corporal has complied with. Vanslyperken has not made the corporal a further confidant, but he has his suspicions, and he is on the watch.

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Vanslyperken is alone, his hand trembling as he loads the pistol which he has taken down from the bulkhead where it hung, but he is nevertheless determined upon the act. He has laid it down on the table, and goes on deck, waiting till it is dusk for the completion of his project. He has now arranged his plan and descends; the pistol is still on the table, and he puts it under the blanket on his bed, and rings for Smallbones.

"Did you want me, sir?" said Smallbones.

"Yes, I am going on shore to sleep a little way in the country, and I want you to carry my clothes; let every thing be put up in the blue bag, and hold yourself ready to come with me."

"Yes, sir," replied Smallbones; "am I to come on board again to-night?"

"To be sure you are."

Smallbones put up as desired by his master, whose eyes followed the lad's motions as he moved from one part of the cabin to the other, his thoughts wandering from the recollection of

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Smallbones having attempted to drown his dog, to the more pleasing one of revenge.

At dusk, Mr. Vanslyperken ordered his boat to be manned, and so soon as Smallbones had gone into it with the bag, he took the pistol from where he had hid it, and concealing it under his great-coat, followed the lad into the boat.

They landed, and Vanslyperken walked fast; it was now dark, and he was followed by Smallbones, who found difficulty in keeping pace with his master, so rapid were his strides.

They passed the half-way houses, and went clear of the fortifications, until they had gained five or six miles on the road to London.

Smallbones was tired out with the rapidity of the walk, and now lagged behind. The master desired him to come on. "I does come on as fast as I can, sir, but this here walking don't suit at all, with carrying a bag full of clothes," replied Smallbones.

"Make haste, and keep up with me," cried

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Vanslyperken, setting off again at a more rapid pace.

They were now past all the buildings, and but occasionally fell in with some solitary farm-house, or cottage, on the road side; the night was cloudy, and the scud flew fast; Vanslyperken walked on faster, for in his state of mind he could feel no bodily fatigue, and the lad dropped astern.

At last the lieutenant found a spot which afforded him an opportunity of executing his fell purpose. A square wall, round a homestead for cattle, was built on the side of the footpath. Vanslyperken turned round, and looked for Smallbones, who was too far behind to be seen in the obscurity. Satisfied by this that the lad could not see his motions, Vanslyperken secreted himself behind the angle of the wall so as to allow Smallbones to pass. He cocked his pistol, and crouched down, waiting for the arrival of his victim.

In a minute or two he heard the panting of

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the lad, who was quite weary with his load. Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and held his breath. The lad passed him; Vanslyperken now rose from behind, levelled the pistol at the lad's head, and fired. Smallbones uttered a yell, fell down on his face, and then rolled on his back without life or motion.

Vanslyperken looked at him for one second, then turned back, and fled with the wings of the wind. Conscience now appeared to pursue him, and he ran on until he was so exhausted, that he fell; the pistol was still in his hand, and as he put out his arm mechanically to save himself, the lock of the pistol came in violent contact with his temple.

After a time he rose again, faint and bleeding and continued his course at a more moderate pace, but as the wind blew, and whistled among the boughs of the trees, he thought every moment that he beheld the form of the murdered lad. He quickened his pace, arrived at last within the fortifications, and putting the

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pistol in his coat-pocket, he somewhat recovered himself. He bound his silk handkerchief round his head, and proceeded to the boat, which he had ordered to wait till Smallbones's return. He had then a part to act, and told the men that he had been assailed by robbers, and ordered them to pull on board immediately. As soon as he came on board he desired the men to assist him down into his cabin, and then he sent for Corporal Van Spitter to dress his wounds. He communicated to the corporal, that as he was going out in the country as he had proposed, he had been attacked by robbers, that he had been severely wounded, and had, he thought, killed one of them, as the others ran away; what had become of Smallbones he knew not, but he had heard him crying out in the hands of the robbers.

The corporal, who had felt certain that the pistol had been intended for Smallbones, hardly knew what to make of the matter; the wound of Mr. Vanslyperken was severe, and it was

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hardly to be supposed that it had been self-inflicted. The corporal therefore held his tongue, heard all that Mr. Vanslyperken had to say, and was very considerably puzzled.

"It was a fortunate thing that I thought of taking a pistol with me, corporal, I might have been murdered outright."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, and binding the handkerchief round Vanslyperken's head, he then assisted him into bed. "Mein Gott! I make no head or tail of de business," said the corporal, as he walked forward; "but I must know de truth soon; I not go to bed for two or three hours, and den I hear others."

It is needless to say that Mr. Vanslyperken passed a restless night, not only from the pain of his wound, but from the torments of conscience; for it is but by degrees that the greatest villain can drive away its stings, and then it is but for a short time, and when it does force itself back upon him, it is with redoubled power. His occasional slumbers were broken

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by fitful starts, in which he again and again heard the yell of the poor lad, and saw the corpse rolling at his feet. It was about an hour before daylight that Mr. Vanslyperken again woke, and found that the light had burnt out. He could not remain in the dark, it was too dreadful; he raised himself, and pulled the bell over his head. Some one entered. "Bring a light immediately," cried Vanslyperken.

In a minute or two the gleams of a light were seen burning at a distance by the lieutenant. He watched its progress aft, and its entrance, and he felt relieved; but he had now a devouring thirst upon him, and his lips were glued together, and he turned over on his bed to ask the corporal, whom he supposed it was, for water. He fixed his eyes upon the party with the candle, and by the feeble light of the dip, he beheld the pale, haggard face of Smallbones, who stared at him, but uttered not a word.

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"Mercy, O God! mercy!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, falling back, and covering his face with the bedclothes.

Smallbones did not reply; he blew out the candle, and quitted the cabin.

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CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taught a secret.

We are anxious to proceed with our narrative, but we must first explain the unexpected appearance of Smallbones. When Corporal Van Spitter was requested by Vanslyperken to bring a pistol and cartridge, the corporal, who had not forgotten the hints thrown out by Vanslyperken during their last consultation, immediately imagined that it was for Smallbones's benefit. And he was strengthened in his opinion, when he learnt that Smallbones was to go on shore with his master after it was dusk. Now Corporal Van Spitter had no notion of the poor lad's brains being blown out, and when Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck and left the

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pistol, he went into the cabin, searched for it, and drew the bullet, which Vanslyperken, of course, was not aware of. It then occurred to the corporal, that if the pistol were aimed at Smallbones, and he was uninjured, it would greatly add to the idea, already half entertained by the superstitious lieutenant, of there being something supernatural about Smallbones, if he were left to suppose that he had been killed, and had reappeared. He, therefore, communicated his suspicions to the lad, told him what he had done, and advised him, if the pistol were fired, to pretend to be killed, and when left by his master, to come on board quietly in the night. Smallbones, who perceived the drift of all this, promised to act accordingly, and in the last chapter it will be observed how he contrived to deceive his master. As soon as the lieutenant was out of hearing, Smallbones rose, and leaving the bag where it lay, hastened back to Portsmouth, and came on board about two hours before Vanslyperken rang his bell.

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He narrated what had passed, but, of course, could not exactly swear that it was Vanslyperken who fired the pistol, as it was fired from behind, but even if he could have so sworn, at that time he would have obtained but little redress.

It was considered much more advisable that Smallbones should pretend to believe that he had been attacked by robbers, and that the ball had missed him, after he had frightened his master by his unexpected appearance, for Vanslyperken would still be of the opinion that the lad possessed a charmed life.

The state of Mr. Vanslyperken during the remainder of that night was pitiable, but we must leave the reader to suppose, rather than attempt to describe it.

In the morning the corporal came in, and after asking after his superior's health, informed him that Smallbones had come on board, that the lad said that the robbers had fired a pistol at him, and then knocked him down with the butt

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end of it, and that he had escaped but with the loss of the bag.

This was a great relief to the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken, who had imagined that he had been visited by the ghost of Smallbones during the night: he expressed himself glad at his return, and a wish to be left alone, upon which the corporal retired. As soon as Vanslyperken found out that Smallbones was still alive, his desire to kill him returned; although, when he supposed him dead, he would, to escape from his own feelings, have resuscitated him. One chief idea now whirled in his brain, which was, that the lad must have a charmed life; he had floated out to the Nab buoy and back again, and now he had had a pistol-bullet passed through his skull without injury. He felt too much fear to attempt any thing against him for the future, but his desire to do so was stronger than ever.

Excitement and vexation brought on a slow fever, and Mr. Vanslyperken lay for three or

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four days in bed; at the end of which period he received a message from the admiral, directing him to come or send on shore (for his state had been made known) for his despatches, and to sail as soon as possible.

Upon receiving the message, Mr. Vanslyperken recollected his engagement at the house of the Jew Lazarus, and weak as he was, felt too much afraid of the results, should he fail, not to get out of bed and go on shore. It was with difficulty he could walk so far. When he arrived he found Ramsay ready to receive him.

"To sail as soon as possible:—'tis well, sir. Have you your despatches?"

"I sent to the admiral's for them," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well then, be all ready to start at midnight. I shall come on board about a quarter of an hour before; you may go, sir."

Vanslyperken quailed under the keen eye and stern look of Ramsay, and obeyed the uncourteous order in silence; still he thought of re-

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venge as he walked back to the boat and re-embarked in the cutter.

"What's this, Short?" observed Coble: "here is a new freak; we start at midnight, I hear."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Something quite new, any how:—don't understand it: do you?"

"No," replied Dick.

"Well, now Jemmy's gone, I don't care how soon I follow, Dick."

"Nor I," replied Short.

"I've a notion there's some mystery in all this. For," continued Coble, "the admiral would never have ordered us out till to-morrow morning, if he did not make us sail this evening. It's not a man-of-war fashion, is it, Dick?"

"No," replied Short.

"Well, we shall see," replied Coble. "I shall turn in now. You've heard all about Smallbones, heh! Dick?"

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Short nodded his head.

"Well, we shall see: but I'll back the boy 'gainst master and dog too, in the long run. D—n his Dutch carcass, he seems to make but small count of English subjects, heh!"

Short leant over the gunwale and whistled.

Coble, finding it impossible to extract one monosyllable more from him, walked forward, and went down below.

A little before twelve o'clock a boat came alongside, and Ramsay stepped out of it into the cutter. Vanslyperken had been walking the deck to receive him, and immediately showed him down into the cabin, where he left him to go on deck, and get the cutter under way. There was a small stove in the cabin, for the weather was still cold; they were advanced into the month of March. Ramsay threw off his coat, laid two pair of loaded pistols on the table, locked the door of the cabin, and then proceeded to warm himself, while Vanslyperken was employed on deck.

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In an hour the cutter was outside and clear of all danger, and Vanslyperken had to knock to gain admittance into his own cabin. Ramsay opened the door, and Vanslyperken, who thought he must say something, observed gloomily,

"We are all clear, sir."

"Very good," replied Ramsay; "and now, sir, I believe that you have despatches on board?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"You will oblige me by letting me look at them."

"My despatches!" said Vanslyperken with surprise.

"Yes, sir, your despatches; immediately, if you please—no trifling."

"You forget, sir," replied Vanslyperken angrily, "that I am not any longer in your power, but on board of my own vessel."

"You appear not to know, sir, that you are in my power even on board of your own vessel,"

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replied Ramsay, starting up, and laying his hand over the pistols, which he drew towards him, and replaced in his belt. "If you trust to your ship's company you are mistaken, as you will soon discover. I demand the despatches."

"But, sir, you will ruin me and ruin yourself," replied Vanslyperken, alarmed.

"Fear not," replied Ramsay; "for my own sake, and that of the good cause, I shall not hurt you. No one will know that the despatches have been ever examined, and ——"

"And what?" replied Vanslyperken, gloomily.

"For the passage, and this service, you will receive one hundred guineas."

Vanslyperken no longer hesitated; he opened the drawer in which he had deposited the letters, and produced them.

"Now lock the door," said Ramsay, taking his seat.

He then examined the seals, pulled some out

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of his pocket, and compared them; sorted the letters according to the seals, and laid one corresponding at the heading of each file, for there were three different government seals upon the despatches. He then took a long Dutch earthen pipe which was hanging above, broke off the bowl, and put one end of the stem into the fire. When it was of a red heat he took it out, and applying his lips to the cool end, and the hot one close to the sealingwax, he blew through it, and the heated blast soon dissolved the wax, and the despatches were opened one after another without the slightest difficulty or injury to the paper. He then commenced reading, taking memorandums on his tablets as he proceeded.

When he had finished, he again heated the pipe, melted the wax, which had become cold and hard again, and resealed all the letters with his counterfeit seals.

During this occupation, which lasted upwards

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of an hour, Vanslyperken looked on with surprise, leaning against the bulkhead of the cabin.

"There, sir, are your despatches," said Ramsay, rising from his chair: "you may now put them away; and, as you may observe, you are not compromised."

"No, indeed," replied Vanslyperken, who was struck with the ingenuity of the method; "but you have given me an idea."

"I will tell you what that is," replied Ramsay. "You are thinking, if I left you these false seals, you could give me the contents of the despatches, provided you were well paid. Is it not so?"

"It was," replied Vanslyperken, who had immediately been struck with such a new source of wealth; for he cared little what he did—all he cared for was discovery.

"Had you not proposed it yourself, I intended that you should have done it, sir," replied Ramsay; and that you should also be

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paid for it. I will arrange all that before I leave the vessel. But now I shall retire to my bed. Have you one ready?"

"I have none but what you see," replied Vanslyperken. "It is my own, but at your service."

"I shall accept it," replied Ramsay, putting his pistols under his pillow, after having thrown himself on the outside of the bedclothes, pulling his roquelaure over him. "And now you will oblige me by turning that cur out of the cabin, for his smell is any thing but pleasant."

Vanslyperken had no idea of his passenger so coolly taking possession of his bed, but to turn out Snarleyyow as well as himself, appeared an unwarrantable liberty. But he felt that he had but to submit, for Ramsay was despotic, and he was afraid of him.

After much resistance, Snarleyyow was kicked out by his master, who then went on deck not in the very best of humours, at finding he had so completely sold himself to those who

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might betray and hang him the very next day. "At all events," thought Vanslyperken, "I'm well paid for it."

It was now daylight, and the cutter was running with a favourable breeze; the hands were turned up, and Corporal Van Spitter came on deck. Vanslyperken, who had been running over in his mind all the events which had latterly taken place, had considered that, as he had lost the Portsmouth widow, he might as well pursue his suit with the widow Vandersloosh, especially as she had sent such a conciliating message by the corporal; and perceiving the corporal on deck, he beckoned to him to approach. Vanslyperken then observed, that he was angry the other day, and that the corporal need not give that message to the Frau Vandersloosh, as he intended to call upon her himself upon his arrival. Van Spitter, who did not know any thing about the Portsmouth widow, and could not imagine why the angry

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message had been given, of course assented, although he was fully determined that the widow should be informed of the insult. The question was now, how to be able to go on shore himself; and to compass that without suspicion, he remarked that the maid Babette was a very fine maid, and he should like to see her again.

This little piece of confidence was not thrown away. Vanslyperken was too anxious to secure the corporal, and he replied, that the corporal should go ashore and see her, if he pleased; upon which Corporal Van Spitter made his best military salute, turned round on his heel, and walked away, laughing in his sleeve at having so easily gulled his superior.

On the third morning the cutter had arrived at her destined port. During the passage Ramsay had taken possession of the cabin, ordering every thing as he pleased, much to the surprise of the crew. Mr. Vanslyperken

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spoke of him as a king's messenger, but still Smallbones, who took care to hear what was going on, reported the abject submission shown to Ramsay by the lieutenant, and this was the occasion of great marvel; moreover, they doubted his being a king's messenger, for, as Smallbones very shrewdly observed, "Why, if he was a king's messenger, did he not come with the despatches?" However, they could only surmise, and no more. But the dog being turned out of the cabin in compliance with Ramsay's wish, was the most important point of all. They could have got over all the rest, but that was quite incomprehensible; and they all agreed with Coble, when he observed, hitching up his trousers, "Depend upon it, there's a screw loose somewhere."

As soon as the cutter was at anchor, Ramsay ordered his portmanteau into the boat, and Vanslyperken having accompanied him on shore, they separated, Ramsay informing Van-

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slyperken that he would wish to see him the next day, and giving him his address.

Vanslyperken delivered his despatches, and then hastened to the widow Vandersloosh, who received him with a well-assumed appearance of mingled pleasure and reserve.

Vanslyperken led her to the sofa, poured forth a multitudinous compound composed of regret, devotion, and apologies, which at last appeared to have melted the heart of the widow, who once more gave him her hand to salute.

Vanslyperken was all rapture at so unexpected a reconciliation; the name of the cur was not mentioned, and Vanslyperken thought to himself, "This will do,—let me only once get you, my Frau, and I'll teach you to wish my dog dead at your porch."

On the other hand the widow thought, "And so this atomy really believes that I would look upon him! Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we

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shall see how it ends. Your cur under my bed, indeed, so sure do you never——. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken."

There is a great deal of humbug in this world, that is certain.

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CHAPTER VIII.

In which we have at last introduced a decent sort of heroine, who, however, only plays a second in our history, Snarleyyow being first fiddle.

But we must leave Mr. Vanslyperken, and the widow, and the Yungfrau, and all connected with her, for the present, and follow the steps of Ramsay, in doing which we shall have to introduce new personages in our little drama.

As soon as Ramsay had taken leave of Vanslyperken, being a stranger at Amsterdam, he inquired his way to the Golden Street, in which resided Mynheer Van Krause, syndic of the town, and to whom he had obtained his principal letters of introduction. The syndic's house was too well known not to be immediately pointed out to him, and in ten minutes

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he found himself, with the sailors at his heels who had been ordered to carry up his baggage, at a handsomely carved door painted in bright green, and with knockers of massive brass which glittered in the sun.

Ramsay, as he waited a few seconds, looked up at the house, which was large and with a noble front to the wide street in face of it, not, as usual with most of the others, divided in the centre by a canal running the whole length of it. The door was opened, and led into a large paved yard, the sides of which were lined with evergreens in large tubs, painted of the same bright green colour; adjoining to the yard was a small garden enclosed with high walls, which was laid out with great precision, and in small beds full of tulips, ranunculuses, and other bulbs now just appearing above the ground. The sailors waited outside while the old gray-headed servitor who had opened the gate, ushered Ramsay through the court to a second door which led into the house. The hall into which

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he entered was paved with marble, and the staircase bold and handsome which led to the first floor, but on each side of the hall there were wooden partitions and half-glass doors, through which Ramsay could see that the rest of the basement was appropriated to warehouses, and that in the warehouse at the back of the building there were people busily employed hoisting out merchandise from the vessels in the canal, the water of which adjoined the very walls. Ramsay followed the man up stairs, who showed him into a very splendidly-furnished apartment, and then went to summon his master, who, he said, was below in the warehouse. Ramsay had but a minute or two to examine the various objects which decorated the room, particularly some very fine pictures, when Mynheer Van Krause made his appearance, with some open tablets in his hand and his pen across his mouth. He was a very short man, with a respectable paunch, a very small head, quite bald, a keen blue eye, reddish

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but straight nose, and a very florid complexion. There was nothing vulgar about his appearance, although his figure was against him. His countenance was one of extreme frankness, mixed with considerable intelligence, and his whole manner gave you the idea of precision and calculation.

"You would — tyfel — I forgot my pen," said the syndic, catching it as it fell out of his mouth. "You would speak with me, mynheer? To whom have I the pleasure of addressing myself?"

"These letters, sir," replied Ramsay, "will inform you."

Mynheer Van Krause laid his tablets on the table, putting his pen across to mark the leaf where he had them open, and taking the letters begged Ramsay to be seated. He then took a chair, pulled a pair of hand-glasses out of his pocket, laid them on his knees, broke the seals, and falling back so as to recline, commenced reading. As soon as he had

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finished the first letter, he put his glasses down from his eyes, and made a bow to Ramsay, folded the open letter the length of the sheet, took out his pencil, and on the outside wrote the date of the letter, the day of the month, name, and the name of the writer. Having done this, he laid the first letter down on the table, took up the second, raised up his glasses, and performed the same duty towards it, and thus he continued until he had read the whole six; always, as he concluded each letter, making the same low bow to Ramsay which he had after the perusal of the first. Ramsay, who was not a little tired of all this precision, at last fixed his eyes upon a Wouvermann which hung near him, and only took them off when be guessed the time of bowing to be at hand.

The last having been duly marked and numbered, Mynheer Van Krause turned to Ramsay, and said, "I am most happy, mynheer, to find under my roof a young gentleman so

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much recommended by many valuable friends; moreover, as these letters give me to understand, so warm a friend to our joint sovereign, and so inimical to the Jacobite party. I am informed by these letters that you intend to remain at Amsterdam. If so, I trust that you will take up your quarters in this house."

To this proposal Ramsay, who fully expected it, gave a willing consent, saying, at the same time, that he had proposed going to an hotel; but Mynheer Van Krause insisted on sending for Ramsay's luggage. He had not far to send, as it was at the door.

"How did you come over?" inquired the host.

"In a king's cutter," replied Ramsay, "which waited for me at Portsmouth."

This intimation produced another very low bow from Mynheer Van Krause, as it warranted the importance of his guest; but he then rose, and apologising for his presence being neces-

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sary below, as they were unloading a cargo of considerable value, he ordered his old porter to show Mr. Ramsay into his rooms, and to take up his luggage, informing his guest that, it being now twelve o'clock, dinner would be on the table at half-past one, during which interval he begged Ramsay to amuse himself, by examining the pictures, books, &c., with which the room was well furnished. Then, resuming his tablets and pen, and taking the letters with him, Mynheer Van Krause made a very low bow, and left Ramsay to himself, little imagining that he had admitted an attainted traitor under his roof.

Ramsay, could speak Dutch fluently, for he had been quartered two years at Middleburg, when he was serving in the army. As soon as the sailors had taken up his portmanteau, and he had dismissed them with a gratuity, the extent of which made the old porter open his eyes with astonishment, and gave him a favourable opinion of his master's new guest,

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he entered into conversation with the old man, who, like Eve upon another occasion, was tempted, nothing loth, for the old man loved to talk; and in a house so busy as the syndic's there were few who had time to chatter, and those who had, preferred other conversation to what, it must be confessed, was rather prosy.

"Mein Gott, mynheer, you must not expect to have company here all day. My master has the town business and his own business to attend to: he can't well get through it all: besides, now is a busy time, the schuyts are bringing up the cargo of a vessel from a far voyage, and Mynheer Krause always goes to the warehouse from breakfast till dinner, and then again from three or four o'clock till six. After that he will stay above, and then sees company, and hears our young lady sing."

"Young lady! has he a daughter then?"

"He has a daughter, mynheer—only one—

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only one child—no son, it is a pity; and so much money too, they say. I don't know how many stivers and guilders she will have by-and-by."

"Is not Madame Krause still alive?"

"No, mynheer, she died when this maiden was born. She was a good lady, cured me once of the yellow jaundice."

Ramsay, like all young men, wondered what sort of a person this lady might be; but he was too discreet to put the question. He was, however, pleased to hear that there was a young female in the house, as it would make the time pass away more agreeably; not that he expected much. Judging from the father, he made up his mind, as he took his clothes out of his valise, that she was very short, very prim, and had a hooked nose.

The old man now left the room to allow Ramsay to dress, and telling him that if he wanted any thing, he had only to call for Koops, which was his name, but going out,

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he returned to say, that Ramsay must call rather loud, as he was a little hard of hearing.

"Well," thought Ramsay, as he was busy with his toilet, "here I am safe lodged at last, and every thing appears as if it would prosper. There is something in my position which my mind revolts at, but stratagem is necessary in war. I am in the enemy's camp to save my own life, and to serve the just cause. It is no more than what they attempt to do with us. It is my duty to my lawful sovereign, but still ——I do not like it. Then the more merit in performing a duty so foreign to my inclinations."

Such were the thoughts of Ramsay, who like other manly and daring dispositions, was dissatisfied with playing the part of a deceiver, although he had been selected for the service, and his selection had been approved of at the court of St. Germain.

Open warfare would have suited him better; but he would not repine at what he considered

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he was bound in fealty to perform, if required, although he instinctively shrank from it. His toilet was complete, and Ramsay descended into the reception-room: he had been longer than usual, but probably that was because he wished to commune with himself; or it might be, because he had been informed that there was a young lady in the house.

The room was empty when Ramsay entered it, and he took the advice of his host, and amused himself by examining the pictures, and other articles of *virtù*, with which the room was filled.

At last, having looked at every thing, Ramsay examined a splendid clock on the mantelpiece, before a fine glass, which mounted to the very top of the lofty room, when, accidentally casting his eyes to the looking-glass, he perceived in it that the door of the room, to which his back was turned, was open, and that a female was standing there, apparently surprised to find a stranger, and not exactly knowing whether to

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advance or retreat. Ramsay remained in the same position, as if he did not perceive her, that he might look at her without her being aware of it. It was, as he presumed, the syndic's daughter; but how different from the person he had conjured up in his mind's eye, when at his toilet! Apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, she was rather above the height of woman, delicately formed, although not by any means thin in her person: her figure possessing all that feminine luxuriance, which can only be obtained when the bones are small, but well covered. Her face was oval, and brilliantly fair. Her hair of a dark chestnut, and her eyes of a deep blue. Her dress was simple in the extreme. She wore nothing but the white woollen petticoats of the time, so short, as to show above her ankles, and a sort of little jacket of fine green cloth, with lappets, which descended from the waist, and opened in front. Altogether, Ramsay thought that he had never in his life seen a

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young female so peculiarly attractive at first sight: there was a freshness in her air and appearance so uncommon, so unlike the general crowd. As she stood in a state of uncertainty, her mouth opened, and displayed small and beautifully white teeth.

Gradually she receded, supposing that she had not been discovered, and closed the door quietly after her, leaving Ramsay for a few seconds at the glass, with his eyes fixed upon the point at which she had disappeared.

Ramsay of course fell into a revery, as most men do in a case of this kind; but he had not proceeded very far into it before he was interrupted by the appearance of the syndic, who entered by another door.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you to your own company, Mynheer Ramsay, so soon after your arrival; but my arrangement of time is regular, and I cannot make any alteration. Before you have been with us long, I trust that you will find means of amusement. I

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shall have great pleasure in introducing you to many friends whose time is not so occupied as mine. Once again let me say how happy I am to receive so distinguished a young gentleman under my roof. Did the cutter bring despatches for the States General, may I inquire?"

"Yes," replied Ramsay, "she did; and they are of some importance."

"Indeed?" rejoined mynheer inquisitively.

"My dear sir," said Ramsay, blushing at his own falsehood, "we are, I believe, both earnest in one point, which is to strengthen the good cause. Under such an impression, and having accepted your hospitality, I have no right to withhold what I know, but with which others are not acquainted."

"My dear sir," interrupted Krause, who was now fully convinced of the importance of his guest, "you do me justice; I am firm and steadfast in the good cause. I am known to be so, and I am also, I trust, discreet; con-

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fiding to my tried friends, indeed, but it will be generally acknowledged that Mynheer Krause has possessed, and safely guarded, the secrets of the state."

Now, in the latter part of this speech, Mynheer Krause committed a small mistake. He was known to be a babbler, one to whom a secret could not be imparted, without every risk of its being known; and it was from the knowledge of this failing in Mynheer Krause that Ramsay had received such very particular recommendations to him. As syndic of the town, it was impossible to prevent his knowledge of government secrets, and when these occasionally escaped, they were always traced to his not being able to hold his tongue.

Nothing pleased Mynheer Krause so much as a secret, because nothing gave him so much pleasure as whispering it confidentially into the ear of a dozen confidential friends. The consequence was, the government was particularly careful that he should not know what was

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going on, and did all they could to prevent it; but there were many others who, although they could keep a secret, had no objection to part with it for a consideration, and in the enormous commercial transactions of Mynheer Krause, it was not unfrequent for a good bargain to be struck with him by one or more of the public functionaries, the difference between the sum proposed and accepted being settled against the interests of Mynheer Krause, by the party putting him in possession of some government movement which had hitherto been kept *in petto*. Every man has his hobby, and usually pays dear for it, so did Mynheer Krause.

Now when it is remembered that Ramsay had opened and read the whole of the despatches, it may at once be supposed what a valuable acquaintance he would appear to Mynheer Krause; but we must not anticipate. Ramsay's reply was, " I feel it my bounden duty to impart all I am possessed of to my very worthy

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host, but allow me to observe, mynheer, that prudence is necessary—we may be overheard."

"I am pleased to find one of your age so circumspect," replied Krause; "perhaps it would be better to defer our conversation till after supper, but in the mean time, could you not just give me a little inkling of what is going on?"

Ramsay had difficulty in stifling a smile at this specimen of Mynheer Krause's eagerness for intelligence. He very gravely walked up to him, looked all round the room as if he was afraid that the walls would hear him, and then whispered for a few seconds into the ear of his host.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Krause, looking up into Ramsay's face.

Ramsay nodded his head authoritatively.

"Gott in himmel!" exclaimed the syndic; but here the bell for dinner rang a loud peal. "Dinner is on the table, mynheer," continued the syndic, "allow me to show you the way.

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We will talk this over to-night. Gott in himmel! Is it possible?"

Mynheer Krause led the way to another saloon, where Ramsay found not only the table prepared, but, as he had anticipated, the daughter of his host, to whom he was introduced. "Wilhelmina," said Mynheer Krause, "our young friend will stay with us, I trust, some time, and you must do all you can to make him comfortable. You know, my dear, that business must be attended to. With me, time is money; so much so, that I can scarcely do justice to the affairs of the state devolving upon me in virtue of my office. You must, therefore, join with me, and do your best to amuse our guest."

To this speech, Wilhelmina made no reply, but by a gracious inclination of her head towards Ramsay, which was returned with all humility. The dinner was excellent, and Ramsay amused himself very well indeed until it was over. Mynheer Krause then led the way

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to the saloon, called for coffee, and, so soon as he had finished it, made an apology to his guest, and left him alone with his beautiful daughter.

Wilhelmina Krause was a young person of a strong mind irregularly cultivated; she had never known the advantage of a mother's care, and was indeed self-educated. She had a strong tinge of romance in her character, and, left so much alone, she loved to indulge in it.

In other points she was clever, well read, and accomplished; graceful in her manners, open in her disposition, to a fault; for, like her father, she could not keep a secret, not even the secrets of her own heart; for whatever she thought she gave utterance to, which is not exactly the custom in this world, and often attended with unpleasant consequences.

The seclusion in which she had been kept added to the natural timidity of her disposition —but when once intimate, it also added to her confiding character. It was impossible to

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see without admiring her, to know her without loving her; for she was nature herself, and, at the same time, in her person one of Nature's masterpieces.

As we observed, when they retired to the saloon, Mynheer Krause very shortly quitted them, to attend to his affairs below, desiring his daughter to exert herself for the amusement of his guest; the contrary, however, was the case, for Ramsay exerted himself to amuse her, and very soon was successful, for he could talk of courts and kings, of courtiers and of people, and of a thousand things, all interesting to a young girl who had lived secluded; and as his full-toned voice, in measured and low pitch, fell upon Wilhelmina's ear, she never perhaps was so much interested. She seldom ventured a remark, except it was to request him to proceed, and the eloquent language with which Ramsay clothed his ideas, added a charm to the novelty of his conversation. In the course of two hours Ramsay had already acquired a moral

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influence over Wilhelmina, who looked up to him with respect, and another feeling which we can only define by saying that it was certainly any thing but ill-will.

The time passed so rapidly, that the two young people could hardly believe it possible that it was past six o'clock, when they were interrupted by the appearance of Mynheer Krause, who came from his counting-house, the labours of the day being over. In the summer-time it was his custom to take his daughter out in the carriage at this hour, but the weather was too cold, and, moreover, it was nearly dark. A conversation ensued on general topics, which lasted till supper-time; after this repast was over Wilhelmina retired, leaving Ramsay and the syndic alone.

It was then that Ramsay made known to his host the contents of the despatches, much to Mynheer Krause's surprise and delight, who felt assured that his guest must be strong in the confidence of the English government, to

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be able to communicate such intelligence. Ramsay, who was aware that the syndic would sooner or later know what had been written, of course was faithful in his detail: not so, however, when they canvassed the attempts of the Jacobite party; then Mr. Krause was completely mystified.

It was not till a late hour that they retired to bed. The next morning, the syndic, big with his intelligence, called upon his friends in person, and much to their surprise told them the contents of the despatches which had been received—and, much to his delight, discovered that he had been correctly informed. He also communicated what Ramsay had told him relative to the movements of the Court of St. Germains, and thus, unintentionally, false intelligence was forwarded to England as from good authority. It hardly need be observed, that, in a very short time, Ramsay had gained the entire confidence of his host, and we may add also, of his host's

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daughter; but we must leave him for the present to follow up his plans, whatever they may be, and return to the personages more immediately connected with this narrative.

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CHAPTER IX.

In which Jemmy Ducks proves the truth of Moggy's assertion, that there was no one like him before or since—Nancy and Jemmy serenade the stars.

As soon as Moggy landed at the Point with her dear darling duck of a husband, as she called him, she put his chest and hammock on a barrow and had them wheeled up to her own lodgings, and then they went out to call upon Nancy Corbett to make their future arrangements; Moggy proceeding in rapid strides, and Jemmy trotting with his diminutive legs behind her, something like a stout pony by the side of a large horse. It was in pedestrianism that Jemmy most felt his inferiority, and the protecting, fond way in which Moggy would turn

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round every minute and say, "Come along, my duck," would have been irritating to any other but one of Jemmy's excellent temper. Many looked at Jemmy, as he waddled along, smiled and passed on; one unfortunate nymph, however ventured to stop, and putting her arms a-kimbo, looked down upon him and exclaimed, "Vell! you are a nice little man," and then commenced singing the old refrain—

"I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum:"

when Moggy, who had turned back, saluted her with such a box on the ear that she made the drum of it ring again. The young lady was not one of those who would offer the other cheek to be smitten, and she immediately flew at Moggy and returned the blow; but Jemmy, who liked quiet, caught her round the legs, and, as if she had been a feather, threw her over his head, so that she fell down in the gutter behind him with a violence which was any thing but agreeable. She gained her legs again, looked at her

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soiled garments, scraped the mud off her cheek —we are sorry to add, made use of some very improper language, and finding herself in the minority, walked off, turning round and shaking her fist at every twenty paces.

Moggy and her husband continued their course as if nothing had happened, and arrived at the house of Nancy Corbett, who had, as may be supposed, changed her lodgings and kept out of sight of Vanslyperken. Nancy was no stranger to Jemmy Ducks; so far as his person went he was too remarkable a character not to be known by her who knew almost every body; and, moreover, she had made sufficient inquiries about his character. The trio at once proceeded to business: Jemmy had promised his wife to join the smugglers, and it was now arranged, that both he and his wife should be regularly enlisted in the gang, she to remain at the cave with the women, unless her services were required elsewhere, he to belong to the boat. There was, however, one necessary pre-

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liminary still to be taken, that of Jemmy and his wife both taking the oath of fidelity at the house of the Jew Lazarus; but it was not advisable to go there before dusk, so they remained with Nancy till that time, during which she was fully satisfied that, in both parties, the band would have an acquisition, for Nancy was very keen and penetrating, and had a great insight into human nature.

At dusk, to the house of Lazarus they accordingly repaired, and were admitted by the cautious Jew. Nancy stated why they had come, and there being, at the time, several of the confederates, as usual, in the house, they were summoned by the Jew to be witnesses to the oath being administered. Half-a-dozen dark-looking, bold men soon made their appearance, and recognised Nancy by nods of their heads.

"Who have we here, old Father Abraham?" exclaimed a stout man, who was dressed in a buff jerkin and a pair of boots which rose above his knees.

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"A good man and true," replied Nancy, taking up the answer.

"Why, you don't call that thing a man!" exclaimed the fierce-looking confederate with contempt.

"As good a man as ever stood in your boots," replied Moggy in wrath.

"Indeed: well, perhaps so, if he could only see his way when once into them," replied the man with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by his companions.

"What can you do, my little man?" said another of a slighter build than the first, coming forward and putting his hand upon Jemmy's head.

Now Jemmy was the best-tempered fellow in the world, but, at the same time, the very best-tempered people have limits to their forbearance, and do not like to be taken liberties with by strangers: so felt Jemmy, who, seizing the young man firmly by the waistband of his

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trousers just below the hips, lifted him from the ground, and with a strength which astonished all present, threw him clean over the table, his body sweeping away both the candles, so they were all left in darkness.

"I can douse a glim any how," cried Jemmy.

"That's my darling duck," cried Moggy, delighted with this proof of her husband's vigour.

Some confusion was created by this manœuvre on the part of Jemmy, but candles were reproduced, and the first man who spoke, feeling as if this victory on the part of Jemmy was a rebuke to himself, again commenced his interrogations.

"Well, my little man, you are strong in the arms, but what will you do without legs?"

"Not run away, as you have done a hundred times," replied Jemmy, scornfully.

"Now by the God of War you shall answer for this," replied the man, catching hold of

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Jemmy by the collar; but in a moment he was tripped up by Jemmy, and fell down with great violence on his back.

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the rest, who took part with Jemmy.

"That's my own little duck," cried Moggy; "you've shown him what you can do, any how."

The man rose, and was apparently feeling for some arms secreted about his person, when Nancy Corbett stepped forward.

"Do you dare?" cried she; "take what you have received, and be thankful, or——" and Nancy held up her little forefinger.

The man slunk back among the others in silence. The old Jew, who had not interfered, being in presence of Nancy, who had superior commands, now read the oath, which was of a nature not to be communicated to the reader without creating disgust. It was, however, such an oath as was taken in those times, and

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has since been frequently taken in Ireland. It was subscribed too by Jemmy and his wife without hesitation, and they were immediately enrolled among the members of the association. As soon as this ceremony had been gone through, Nancy and her protegés quitted the house and returned to her lodgings, when it was agreed that the next night they should go over to the island, as Jemmy's services were required in the boat in lieu of Ramsay, whose place as steersman he was admirably qualified to occupy, much better, indeed, than that of a rower, as his legs were too short to reach the stretcher, where it was usually fixed.

The next evening the weather was calm and clear, and when they embarked in the boat of the old fisherman, with but a small portion of their effects, the surface of the water was unruffled, and the stars twinkled brightly in the heavens; one article which Jemmy never parted with, was in his hand, his fiddle. They all took

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their seats, and the old fisherman shoved off his boat, and they were soon swept out of the harbour by the strong ebb tide.

"An't this better than being on board with Vanslyperken, and your leave stopped?" observed Moggy.

"Yes," replied the husband.

"And I not permitted to go on board to see my duck of a husband—confound his snivelling carcass?" continued Moggy.

"Yes," replied Jemmy, thoughtfully.

"And in company with that supernatural cur of his?"

Jemmy nodded his head, and then in his abstraction touched the strings of his violin.

"They say that you are clever with your instrument, Mr. Salisbury," observed Nancy Corbett.

"That he is," replied Moggy; "and he sings like a darling duck. Don't you, Jemmy, my dear?"

"Quack, quack," replied Jemmy.

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"Well, Mr. Salisbury, there's no boat that I can see near us, or even in sight; and if there was it were little matter. I suppose you will let me hear you, for I shall have little opportunity after this?"

"With all my heart," replied Jemmy; who, taking up his fiddle, and playing upon the strings like a guitar, after a little reflection, sang as follows:

Bless my eyes, how young Bill threw his shiners away,
As he drank and he danced, when he first came on shore!
It was clear that he fancied that with his year's pay,
Like the Bank of Old England, he'd never be poor.
So when the next day, with a southerly wind in
His pockets, he came up, my rhino to borrow;
"You're welcome," says I, "Bill, as I forked out the tin,
But when larking to-day—*don't forget there's to-morrow.*"

When our frigate came to from a cruise in the west,
And her yards were all squared, her sails neatly furled,
Young Tom clasped his Nancy, so loved, to his breast,
As if but themselves there was none in the world.
Between two of the guns they were fondly at play,
All billing and kissing, forgetting all sorrow;
"Love, like cash," says I, "Nan, may all go in a day,
While you hug him so close—*don't forget there's to-morrow.*"

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When a hurricane swept us smack smooth fore and aft,
When we dashed on the rock, and we floundered on shore,
As we sighed for the loss of our beautiful craft,
Convinced that the like we should never see more,
Says I, "My good fellows," as huddled together,
They shivered and shook, each phiz black with sorrow,
"Remember, it's not to be always foul weather,
So with ill-luck to-day—*don't forget there's to-morrow!*"

"And not a bad hint, neither, Mr. Salisbury," said Nancy, when Jemmy ceased. "You sailors never think of to-morrow, more's the pity. You're no better than overgrown babies."

"I'm not much better, at all events," replied Jemmy, laughing: "however, I'm as God made me, and so all's right."

"That's my own darling Jemmy," said Moggy; "and if you're content, and I'm content, who is to say a word, I should like to know? You may be a rum one to look at, but I think them fellows found you but a rum customer the other night."

"Don't put so much rum in your discourse, Moggy, you make me long for a glass of grog."

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"Then your mouth will find the water," rejoined Nancy; "but, however, singing is dry work, and I am provided. Pass my basket aft, old gentleman, and we will find Mr. Salisbury something with which to whet his whistle." The boatman handed the basket to Nancy, who pulled out a bottle and glass, which she filled, and handed to Jemmy.

"Now, Mr. Salisbury, I expect some more songs," said Nancy.

"And you shall have them, mistress; but I've heard say that you've a good pipe of your own; suppose that you give me one in return, that will be but fair play."

"Not exactly, for you'll have the grog in the bargain," replied Nancy.

"Put my fiddle against the grog, and then all's square."

"I have not sung for many a day," replied Nancy, musing, and looking up at the bright twinkling stars. "I once sang, when I was young—and happy—I then sang all the day

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long; that was really singing, for it came from the merriness of my heart;" and Nancy paused. "Yes, I have sung since, and often, for they made me sing; but 'twas when my heart was heavy—or when its load had been, for a time, forgotten and drowned in wine. That was not singing, at least not the singing of bygone days."

"But those times are bygone too, Mistress Nancy," said Moggy; "you have now your marriage lines, and are made an honest woman."

"Yes, and God keep me so, amen," replied Nancy mournfully.

Had not the night concealed it, a tear might have been seen by the others in the boat to trickle down the cheek of Nancy Corbett, as she was reminded of her former life; and as she again fixed her eyes upon the brilliant heavens, each particular star appeared to twinkle brighter, as if they rejoiced to witness tears like those.

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"You must be light o' heart now, Mistress Nancy," observed Jemmy, soothingly.

"I am not unhappy," replied she, resting her cheek upon her hand.

"Mistress Nancy," said Moggy, "I should think a little of that stuff would do neither of us any harm; the night is rather bleak."

Moggy poured out a glass and handed it to Nancy; she drank it, and it saved her from a flood of tears, which otherwise she would have been unable to repress. In a minute or two, during which Moggy helped herself and the old boatman, Nancy's spirits returned.

"Do you know this air?" said Nancy to Jemmy, humming it.

"Yes, yes, I know it well, mistress Nancy. Will you sing to it?"

Nancy Corbett who had been celebrated once for her sweet singing, as well as her beauty, immediately commenced in a soft and melodious tone, while Jemmy touched his fiddle.

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Lost stolen, or strayed,
The heart of a young maid;
Whoever the same shall find,
And prove so very kind,
To yield it on desire,
They shall rewarded be,
And that most handsomely,
With kisses one, two, three.
Cupid is the crier,
Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
Cupid is the crier.

O yes! O yes! O yes!
Here is a pretty mess!
A maiden's heart is gone,
And she is left forlorn,
And panting with desire;
Whoever shall bring it me,
They shall rewarded be,
With kisses one, two, three.
Cupid is the crier,
Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
Cupid is the crier.

'Twas lost on Sunday eve,
Or taken without leave,
A virgin's heart so pure,
She can't the loss endure,
And surely will expire;
Pity her misery.
Rewarded you shall be,
With kisses one, two, three.

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Cupid is the crier,
Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
Cupid is the crier.

The maiden sought around,
It was not to be found,
She searched each nook and dell,
The haunts she loved so well,
All anxious with desire;
The wind blew ope his vest,
When, lo! the toy in quest,
She found within the breast
Of Cupid, the false crier,
Ring-a-ding, a-ding-a-ding,
Cupid the false crier.

"Many thanks, Mistress Corbett, for a good song, sung in good tune, with a sweet voice," said Jemmy. "I owe you one for that, and am ready to pay you on demand. You've a pipe like a missel thrush."

"Well, I do believe that I shall begin to sing again," replied Nancy. "I'm sure if Corbett was only once settled on shore in a nice little cottage, with a garden, and a blackbird in a wicker cage, I should try who could sing most, the bird or me."

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"He will be by-and-by, when his work is done."

"Yes, when it is; but open boats, stormy seas, and the halter, are heavy odds, Mr. Salisbury."

"Don't mention the halter, Mistress Nancy, you'll make me melancholy," replied Jemmy, "and I sha'n't be able to sing any more. Well, if they want to hang me, they need not rig the yard-arm, three handspikes as sheers, and I shouldn't find soundings, heh! Moggy?"

Nancy laughed at the ludicrous idea; but Moggy exclaimed with vehemence, "Hang my Jemmy! my darling duck! I should like to see them."

"At all events, we'll have another song from him, Moggy, before they spoil his windpipe, which, I must say, would be a great pity; but Moggy, there have been better men hung than your husband."

"Better men than my Jemmy, Mrs. Corbett!

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There never was one like him afore or since;" replied Moggy, with indignation.

"I only meant of longer pedigree, Moggy," replied Nancy soothingly.

"I don't know what that is," replied Moggy, still angry.

"Longer legs, to be sure," replied Jemmy. "Never mind that, Moggy. Here goes, a song in two parts. It's a pity, Mistress Nancy, that you couldn't take one."

"When will you give up this life of wild roving?
When shall we be quiet and happy on shore?
When will you to church lead your Susan, so loving,
And sail on the treacherous billows no more?"

"My ship is my wife, Sue, no other I covet,
Till I draw the firm splice that's betwixt her and me;
I'll roam on the ocean, for much do I love it—
To wed with another were rank bigamy."

"O William, what nonsense you talk, you are raving;
Pray how can a ship and a man become one?
You say so because you no longer are craving,
As once you were truly—and I am undone."

"You wrong me, my dearest, as sure as I stand here,
As sure as I'll sail again on the wide sea;
Some day I will settle, and marry with you, dear,
But now t'would be nothing but rank bigamy."

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" Then tell me the time, dear William, whenever
Your Sue may expect this divorce to be made ;
When you'll surely be mine, when no object shall sever,
But locked in your arms I'm no longer afraid."

" The time it will be when my pockets are lined,
I'll then draw the splice 'tween my vessel and me,
And lead you to church, if you're still so inclined—
But before, my dear Sue, 'twere rank bigamy."

" Thank you, Mr. Salisbury. I like the moral of that song; a sailor never should marry till he can settle on shore."

" What's the meaning of big-a-me?" said Moggy.

" Marrying two husbands or two wives, Mrs. Salisbury. Perhaps you might get off on the plea that you had only one and a half," continued Nancy, laughing.

" Well, perhaps she might," replied Jemmy, " if he were a judge of understanding."

" I should think, Mistress Nancy, you might as well leave my husband's legs alone," observed Moggy, affronted.

" Lord bless you, Mogg, if he's not angry,

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you surely should need not be; I give a joke, and I can take one. You surely are not jealous?"

"Indeed I am though, and always shall be of any one who plays with my Jemmy."

"Or if he plays with any thing else?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Yes, indeed! then you must be downright jealous of his fiddle, Moggy," replied Nancy; "but never mind, you sha'n't be jealous now about nothing. I'll sing you a song, and then you'll forget all this." Nancy Corbett then sang as follows:

Fond Mary sat on Henry's knee,
"I must be home exact," said he,
And see, the hour is come."
"No, Henry, you shall never go
Until me how to count you show;
That task must first be done."

Then Harry said, "As time is short,
Addition you must first be taught;—
Sum up these kisses sweet;
Now prove your sum by kissing me:—
Yes, that is right, 'twas three times three;—
Arithmetic's a treat.

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" And now there is another term,
Subtraction you have yet to learn :
Take four away from these."
" Yes, that is right, you've made it out,"
Says Mary, with a pretty pout,
" Subtraction don't me please."

Division's next upon the list ;
Young Henry taught while Mary kissed,
And much admired the rule ;
" Now, Henry, don't you think me quick ?"
" Why, yes, indeed, you've learned the trick ;
At kissing you're no fool."

To multiply was next the game,
Which Henry by the method same,
To Mary fain would show ;
But here his patience was worn out,
She multiplied too fast I doubt,
He could no farther go.

" And now we must leave off my dear ;
The other rules are not so clear,
We'll try at them to-night ;"
" I'll come at eve, my Henry sweet ;
Behind the hawthorn hedge we'll meet,
For learning's my delight."

" That's a very pretty song, Mistress Corbett, and you've a nice collection, I've no doubt. If

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you've no objection, I'll exchange another with you."

"I should be most willing, Mr. Salisbury; but we are now getting well over, and we may as well be quiet, as I do not wish people to ask where we are going."

"You're right, ma'am," observed the old fisherman, who pulled the boat. "Put up your fiddle, master; there be plenty on the look out, without our giving them notice."

"Very true," replied Jemmy, "so we break up our concert."

The whole party were now silent. In a quarter of an hour the boat was run into a cut, which concealed it from view; and, as soon as the fisherman had looked round to see the coast clear, they landed and made haste to pass by the cottages; after that Nancy slackened her pace, and they walked during the night over to the other side of the island, and arrived at the cottages above the cave.

Here they left a portion of their burdens

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and then proceeded to the path down the cliff which led to the cave. On Nancy giving the signal, the ladder was lowered, and they were admitted. As soon as they were upon the flat, Moggy embraced her husband, crying, " Here I have you, my own dear Jemmy, all to myself, and safe for ever."

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CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken treats the ladies.

On the second day after his arrival, Vanslyperken, as agreed, went up to the syndic's house to call upon Ramsay. The latter paid him down one hundred pounds for his passage and services, and Vanslyperken was so pleased, that he thought seriously, as soon as he had amassed sufficient money, to withdraw himself from the service, and retire with his ill-gotten gains; but when would a miser like Vanslyperken have amassed sufficient money? Alas! never, even if the halter were half round his neck. Ramsay then gave his instructions to Vanslyperken, advising him to call for letters previously to his sailing, and telling him that

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he must open the government despatches in the way to which he had been witness, take full memorandums of the contents, and bring them to him, for which service he would each time receive fifty pounds as a remuneration. Vanslyperken bowed to his haughty new acquaintance, and quitted the house.

"Yes," thought Ramsay, "that fellow is a low, contemptible traitor, and how infamous does treason appear in that wretch! but—I—I am no traitor—I have forfeited my property and risked my life in fidelity to my king, and in attempting to rid the world of an usurper and a tyrant. Here, indeed, I am playing a traitor's part to my host, but still I am doing my duty. An army without spies would be incomplete, and one may descend to that office for the good of one's country without tarnish or disgrace. Am I not a traitor to her already? Have not I formed visions in my imagination already of obtaining her hand, and her heart, and her fortune? Is not this treachery? Shall I

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not attempt to win her affections under disguise as her father's friend and partisan? But what have women to do with politics? Or if they have, do not they set so light a value upon them, that they will exchange them for a feather? Yes, surely; when they love, their politics are the politics of those they cling to. At present, she is on her father's side; but if she leave her father and cleave to me, her politics will be transferred with her affections. But then her religion. She thinks me a Protestant. Well, love is all in all with women; not only politics but religion must yield to it; "thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God," as Ruth says in the scriptures. She is wrong in politics, I will put her right. She is wrong in religion, I will restore her to the bosom of the church. Her wealth would be sacrificed to some heretic; it were far better that it belonged to one who supports the true religion and the good cause. In what way, therefore, shall I injure her? On the contrary."

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And Ramsay walked down stairs to find Wilhelmina. Such were the arguments used by the young cavalier, and with which he fully satisfied himself that he was doing rightly; had he argued the other side of the question, he would have been equally convinced, as most people are, when they argue without any opponent; but we must leave him to follow Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked away from the syndic's house with the comfortable idea that one side of him was heavier than the other by one hundred guineas. He also ruminated; he had already obtained three hundred pounds, no small sum, in those days, for a lieutenant. It is true that he had lost the chance of thousands by the barking of Snarleyyow, and he had lost the fair Portsmouth widow; but then he was again on good terms with the Frau Vandersloosh, and was in a fair way of making his fortune, and, as he considered, with small risk. His mother, too, attracted a share of

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his reminiscences; the old woman would soon die, and then he would have all that she had saved. Smallbones occasionally intruded himself, but that was but for a moment. And Mr. Vanslyperken walked away very well satisfied, upon the whole, with his *esse* and *posse*. He wound up by flattering himself that he should wind up with the savings of his mother, his half-pay, the widow's guilders, and his own property,—altogether it would be pretty comfortable. But we leave him and return to Corporal Van Spitter.

Corporal Van Spitter had had wisdom enough to dupe Vanslyperken, and persuade him that he was very much in love with Babette; and Vanslyperken, who was not at all averse to this amour, permitted the corporal to go on shore and make love. As Vanslyperken did not like the cutter and Snarleyyow to be left without the corporal or himself, he always remained on board when the corporal went, so that the widow had enough

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on hand—pretending love all the morning with the lieutenant, and indemnifying herself by real love with the corporal after dusk. Her fat hand was kissed and slobbered from morning to night, but it was half for love and half for revenge.

But we must leave the corporal, and return to Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was two days in the cave before the arrival of the boat, during which he made himself a great favourite, particularly with Lilly, who sat down and listened to his fiddle and his singing. It was a novelty in the cave, any thing like amusement. On the third night, however, Sir R. Barclay came back from Cherbourg, and as he only remained one hour, Jemmy was hastened on board, taking leave of his wife, but not parting with his fiddle. He took his berth as steersman, in lieu of Ramsay, and gave perfect satisfaction. The intelligence brought over by Sir Robert rendered an immediate messenger to Portsmouth necessary; and, as it would create less

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suspicion, Moggy was the party now intrusted in lieu of Nancy, who had been lately seen too often, and, it was supposed, had been watched. Moggy was not sorry to receive her instructions, which were, to remain at Portsmouth until Lazarus the Jew should give her further orders; for there was one point which Moggy was most anxious to accomplish, now that she could do it without risking a retaliation upon her husband, which was, to use her own expression, to pay off that snivelling old rascal, Vanslyperken.

But we must leave Moggy and the movements of individuals, and return to our general history. The Yungfrau was detained a fortnight at Amsterdam, and then received the despatches of the States General and those of Ramsay, with which Vanslyperken returned to Portsmouth. On his arrival, he went through his usual routine at the admiral's and the Jew's, received his douceur, and hastened to his mother's house, when he found the old

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woman, as she constantly prophesied, not dead yet.

"Well, child, what have you brought—more gold?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, laying down the one hundred and fifty guineas which he had received.

"Bless thee, my son—bless thee!" said the old woman, laying her palsied hand upon Vanslyperken's head. "It is not often I bless—I never did bless as I can recollect—I like cursing better. My blessing must be worth something, if it's only for its scarcity; and do you know why I bless thee, my Cornelius? Because—ha, ha, ha! because you are a murderer and a traitor, and you love gold."

Even Vanslyperken shuddered at the hag's address.

"What do you ever gain by doing good in this world? nothing but laughter and contempt. I began the world like a fool, but I shall go out of it like a wise woman, hating, despising

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every thing but gold. And I have had my revenge in my time—yes—yes—the world, my son, is divided into only two parts, those who cheat, and those who are cheated—those who master, and those who are mastered—those who are shackled by superstitions and priests, and those who, like me, fear neither God nor devil. We must all die; yes, but I shan't die yet, no, no."

And Vanslyperken almost wished that he could gain the unbelief of the decrepit woman whom he called mother, and who, on the verge of eternity, held fast to such a creed.

"Well, mother, perhaps it may be you are right—I never gained any thing by a good action yet."

Query. Had he ever done a good action?

"You're my own child, I see, after all; you have my blessing, Cornelius, my son—go and prosper. Get gold—get gold," replied the old hag, taking up the money, and locking it up in the oak chest.

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Vanslyperken then narrated to his mother the unexpected interview with Smallbones, and his surmise that the lad was supernaturally gifted. "Ah, well," replied she, "those who are born to be hung will die by no other death; but still it does not follow that they will not die. You shall have your revenge, my child. The lad shall die. Try again; water, you say, rejects him? Fire will not harm him. There is that which is of the earth and of the air left. Try again, my son; revenge is sweet, next to gold."

After two hours' conversation, it grew dark, and Vanslyperken departed, revolving in his mind, as he walked away, the sublime principles of religion and piety, in the excellent advice given by his aged mother. "I wish I could only think as she does," muttered Vanslyperken at last; and as he concluded this devout wish, his arm was touched by a neatly-dressed little girl, who curtsied, and asked if he was not Lieu-

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tenant Vanslyperken, belonging to the cutter. Vanslyperken replied in the affirmative, and the little girl then said that a lady, her mistress, wished to speak to him.

"Your mistress, my little girl?" said Vanslyperken, suspiciously; "and pray who is your mistress?"

"She is a lady, sir," replied the latter; "she was married to Major Williams, but he is dead."

"Hah! a widow; well, what does she want? I don't know her."

"No, sir, and she don't know you; but she told me if you did not come at once, to give you this paper to read."

Vanslyperken took the paper, and walking to the window of a shop in which there was a light, contrived to decipher as follows:

"Sir,

"The lady who lived in Castle-street has

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sent me a letter, and a parcel, to deliver up into your own hands, as the parcel is of value. The bearer of this will bring you to my house.

"Your very obedient,

"JANE WILLIAMS."

"*Two o'clock.*"

"Where does your mistress live, little girl?" inquired Vanslyperken, who immediately anticipated the portrait of the fair widow set in diamonds.

"She lives in one of the publics on the hard, sir, on the first floor, while she is furnishing her lodgings."

"One of the publics on the hard; well, my little girl, I will go with you."

"I have been looking for you every where, sir," said the little girl, walking, or rather trotting by the side of Vanslyperken, who strided along.

"Did your mistress know the lady who lived in Castle-street?"

"O yes, sir, my mistress then lived next

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door to her in Castle-street, but her lease was out, and now she has a much larger house in William-street, but she is painting and furnishing all so handsome, sir, and so now she has taken the first floor of the Wheatsheaf till she can get in again."

And Mr. Vanslyperken thought it would be worth his while to reconnoitre this widow before he closed with the Frau Vandersloosh. How selfish men are!

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Vanslyperken and the little girl had arrived at the public-house in question. Mr. Vanslyperken did not much admire the exterior of the building, but it was too dark to enable him to take an accurate survey. It was, however, evident, that it was a pot-house, and nothing more; and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that lodgings must be very scarce in Portsmouth. He entered the first and inner door, and the little girl said she would go up-stairs and let her mistress know that he was come. She ran up, leaving Mr.

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Vanslyperken alone in the dark passage. He waited for some time, when his naturally suspicious temper made him think he had been deceived, and he determined to wait outside of the house, which appeared very disreputable. He therefore retreated to the inner door to open it, but found it fast. He tried it again and again, but in vain, and he became alarmed and indignant. Perceiving a light through another keyhole, he tried the door, and it was open; a screen was close to the door as he entered, and he could not see its occupants. Mr. Vanslyperken walked round, and as he did so, he heard the door closed and locked. He looked on the other side of the screen, and, to his horror, found himself in company with Moggy Salisbury, and about twenty other females. Vanslyperken made a precipitate retreat to the door, but he was met by three or four women, who held him fast by the arms. Vanslyperken would have disgraced himself by drawing his cutlass; but they were prepared for

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this, and while two of them pinioned his arms, one of them drew his cutlass from its sheath, and walked away with it. Two of the women contrived to hold his arms, while another pushed him in the rear, until he was brought from behind the screen into the middle of the room, facing his incarnate enemy, Moggy Salisbury.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Vanslyperken," cried Moggy, not rising from her chair. "It's very kind of you to come and see me in this friendly way—come, take a chair, and give us all the news."

"Mistress Salisbury, you had better mind what you are about with a king's officer," cried Vanslyperken, turning more pale at this mockery, than if he had met with abuse. "There are constables, and stocks, and gaols, and whipping-posts on shore, as well as the cat on board."

"I know all that, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Moggy, calmly; "but that has nothing to do

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with the present affair: you have come of your own accord to this house to see somebody, that is plain, and you have found me. So now do as you're bid, like a polite man; sit down, and treat the ladies. Ladies, Mr. Vanslyperken stands treat, and please the pigs, we'll make a night of it. What shall it be? I mean to take my share of a bottle of Oporto. What will you have, Mrs. Slamkoe?"

"I'll take a bowl of burnt brandy, with your leave, Mrs. Salisbury, not being very well in my inside."

"And you, my dear?"

"O, punch for me—punch to the mast," cried another. "I'll drink enough to float a jolly-boat. It's very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken."

All the ladies expressed their several wishes, and Vanslyperken knew not what to do; he thought he might as well make an effort, for the demand on his purse he perceived would be excessive, and he loved his money.

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"You may all call for what you please," said Vanslyperken, "but you'll pay for what you call for. If you think that I am to be swindled in this way out of my money, you're mistaken. Every soul of you shall be whipped at the cart's tail to-morrow."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a respectable person, sir?" said a fierce-looking virago, rubbing her fist against Vanslyperken's nose. "Smell that!"

It was not a nosegay at all to the fancy of Mr. Vanslyperken; he threw himself back, and his chair fell with him. The ladies laughed, and Mr. Vanslyperken rose in great wrath.

"By all the devils in hell," he exclaimed, whirling the chair round his head, "but I'll do you a mischief!"

But he was soon pinioned from behind.

"This is very unpolite conduct," said one; "you call yourself a gentleman?"

"What shall we do, ladies?"

"Do," replied another; "let's strip him,

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and pawn his clothes, and then turn him adrift."

"Well, that's not a bad notion," replied the others, and they forthwith proceeded to take off Mr. Vanslyperken's coat and waistcoat. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind to buy himself off as cheap as he could.

Be it observed, that Moggy never interfered, nor took any part in this violence; on the contrary, she continued sitting in her chair, and said, "Indeed, ladies, I request you will not be so violent, Mr. Vanslyperken is my friend. I am sorry that he will not treat you; but if he will not, I beg you will allow him to go away."

"There, you hear," cried Mr. Vanslyperken; "Mrs. Salisbury, am I at liberty to depart?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Vanslyperken; you have my full permission. Ladies, I beg that you will let him go."

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"No, by the living jingo! not till he treats us," cried one of the women; "why did he come into this shop, but for nothing else? I'll have my punch afore he starts."

"And I my burnt brandy." So cried they all, and Mr. Vanslyperken, whose coat and waistcoat were already off, and finding many fingers very busy about the rest of his person, perceived that Moggy's neutrality was all a sham, so he begged to be heard.

"Ladies, I'll do any thing in reason. As far as five shillings——"

"Five shillings!" exclaimed the woman; "no, no—why, a foremast man would come down with more than that. And you a lieutenant? Five guineas, now, would be saying something."

"Five guineas! why I have not so much money. Upon my soul I hav'n't."

"Let us see," said one of the party, diving like an adept into Vanslyperken's trousers-pocket, and pulling out his purse. The money

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was poured out on the table, and twelve guineas counted out.

"Then whose money is this?" cried the woman; "not yours on your soul; have you been taking a purse to-night? I vote we sends for a constable."

"I quite forgot that I had put more money in my purse," muttered Vanslyperken, who never expected to see it again. "I'll treat you, ladies—treat you all to whatever you please."

"Bravo! that's spoken like a man," cried the virago, giving Vanslyperken a slap on the back which knocked the breath out of his body.

"Bravo!" exclaimed another, "that's what I call handsome; let's all kiss him, ladies."

Vanslyperken was forced to go through this ordeal, and then the door was unlocked, but carefully guarded, while the several orders were given.

"Who is to pay for all this?" exclaimed the landlady.

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"This gentleman treats us all," replied the woman.

"Oh! very well—is it all right, sir?"

Vanslyperken dared not say no: he was in their power, and every eye watched him as he gave his answer; so he stammered out "Yes," and, in a fit of despair at the loss of his money, he threw himself into his chair, and meditated revenge.

"Give Mr. Vanslyperken his purse, Susan," said the prudent Moggy to the young woman who had taken it out of his pocket.

The purse was returned, and, in a few minutes, the various liquors and mixtures demanded made their appearance, and the jollification commenced. Every one was soon quite happy, with the exception of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, like Pistol, ate his leek, swearing in his own mind he would be horribly revenged.

"Mr. Vanslyperken, you must drink my health in some of this punch." Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and shook his head. "I

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say yes, Mr. Vanslyperken," cried the virago, looking daggers; "if you don't, we quarrel—that's all."

But Vanslyperken argued in his mind that his grounds of complaint would be weakened, if he partook of the refreshment which he had been forced to pay for, so he resolutely denied.

"Von't you listen to my harguments, Mr. Vanslyperken?" continued the woman. "Vell, then, I must resort to the last, which I never knew fail yet." The woman went to the fire and pulled out the poker, which was red hot, from between the bars. "Now then, my beauty, you must kiss this, or drink some punch;" and she advanced it towards his nose, while three or four others held him fast on his chair behind; the poker, throwing out a glow of heat, was within an inch of the poor lieutenant's nose: he could stand it no more, his face and eyes were scorched.

"Yes, yes," cried he at last, "if I must drink, then, I will. We will settle this matter

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by-and-by," cried Vanslyperken, pouring down with indignation the proffered glass.

"Now, Susan, don't ill-treat Mr. Vanslyperken: I purtest against all ill-treatment."

"Ill-treat, Mrs. Salisbury! I am only giving him a lesson in purliteness."

"Now, Mr. What-the-devil's-your-name, you must drink off a glass of my burnt brandy, or I shall be jealous," cried another; "and when I am jealous I always takes to red-hot pokers." Resistance was in vain, the poker was again taken from between the bars, and the burnt brandy went down.

Again and again was Mr. Vanslyperken forced to pour down his throat all that was offered to him, or take the chance of having his nose burnt off.

"Is it not wrong to mix your liquors in this way, Mr. Vanslyperken?" said Moggy, in bitter mockery.

The first allowance brought in was now despatched, and the bell rung, and double as much

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more ordered, to Vanslyperken's great annoyance; but he was in the hands of the Philistines. What made the matter worse, was, that the company grew every moment more uproarious, and there was no saying when they would stop.

"A song—a song—a song from Mr. Vanslyperken," cried one of the party.

"Hurrah! yes, a song from the jolly lieutenant."

"I can't sing," replied Vanslyperken.

"You shall sing, by the piper who played before Moses," said the virago; "if not, you shall sing out to some purpose;" and the red-hot poker was again brandished in her masculine fist, and she advanced to him, saying, "Suppose we hargue that point?"

"Would you murder me, woman?"

"No; singing is no murder, but we ax a song, and a song we must have."

"I don't know one—upon my honour I don't," cried Vanslyperken.

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"Then, we'll larn you. And now you repeat after me."

"'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.' Sing—come, out with it." And the poker was again advanced.

"O God!" cried Vanslyperken.

"Sing, or by Heavens I'll shorten your nose! Sing, I say," repeated the woman, advancing the poker so as actually to singe the skin.

"Take it away, and I will," cried Vanslyperken, breathless.

"Well then, 'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.'"

"'Poll put her arms a-kimbo,'" repeated Vanslyperken.

"That's saying, not singing," cried the woman. "Now again. 'At the admiral's house looked she.'"

"At the admiral's house looked she," replied Vanslyperken, in a whining tone.

Thus, with the poker staring him in the face, was Vanslyperken made to repeat the very song for singing which he would have flogged

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Jemmy Ducks. There was, however, a desperate attempt to avoid the last stanza.

> " I'll give you a bit of my mind, old boy,
> Port Admiral, you be d——d."

Nothing but the tip of his nose actually burnt would have produced these last words; but fear overcame him, and at last they were repeated. Upon which all the women shouted and shrieked with laughter, except Moggy, who continued sipping her port wine.

" Your good health, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, drinking to him.

Vanslyperken wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and made no reply.

" You call yourself a gentleman, and not drink the health of the lady of the house!" cried virago Mrs. Slamkoe. " I'll hargue this point with you again."

The same never-failing argument was used, and Mr. Vanslyperken drank Mrs. Salisbury's health in a glass of the port wine which he was to have the pleasure of paying for.

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"I must say, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, "it was very hard for to wish to flog my poor Jemmy for singing a song which you have just now been singing yourself."

"Did he want to flog your Jemmy for that?"

"Yes, he did indeed, ladies."

"Then as sure, as I stand here, and may this punch be my poison, if he sha'n't beg your pardon on his knees. Sha'n't he, girls?" cried Mrs. Slamkoe.

"Yes, yes, that he shall, or we'll poke him with the poker."

This was a dreadful threat, but the indignity was so great, that Vanslyperken, attempted to resist. It was, however, in vain; he was forced to go on his knees, and ask Mrs. Salisbury's pardon.

"Indeed, ladies, I do not wish it," said Moggy; "no, pray don't. Well, Mr. Vanslyperken, pardon granted; so now kiss and make friends."

Mr. Vanslyperken, surrounded now by furies rather than Bacchanalians, kissed Mrs. Salisbury.

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"What in the world would you have me do, you she devils?" cried he at last, driven to desperation.

"This is language for a gentleman," said Mrs. Slamkoe.

"They shall make you do nothing more," replied Moggy. "I must retire, ladies, your freak's up. You know I never keep late hours. Ladies, I wish you all a very good night."

"Perhaps, Mr. Vanslyperken, you would wish to go. I'll send for the woman of the house that you may settle the bill; I think you offered to treat the company?"

Vanslyperken grinned ghastly. The bell was rung, and while Mr. Vanslyperken was pulling out the sum demanded by the landlady, the ladies all disappeared.

Vanslyperken put up his diminished purse. "There is your sword, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy; who, during the whole of the scene, had kept up a *retenue* very different from her usual manners.

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Vanslyperken took his sword, and appeared to feel his courage return—why not? he was armed, and in company with only one woman, and he sought revenge.

He rang the bell, and the landlady appeared.

"Landlady," cried Vanslyperken, "you'll send for a constable directly. Obey me, or I'll put you down as a party to the robbery which has been committed. I say, a constable immediately. Refuse on your peril, woman; a king's officer has been robbed and ill-treated."

"Lauk-a-mercy! a constable, sir? I'm sure you've had a very pleasant jollification."

"Silence, woman; send for a constable immediately."

"Do you hear, Mrs. Wilcox?" said Moggy, very quietly, "Mr. Vanslyperken wants a constable. Send for one by all means."

"Oh! certainly, ma'am, if you wish it," said the landlady, quitting the room.

"Yes, you infamous woman, I'll teach you to rob and ill-treat people in this way."

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"Mercy on me! Mr. Vanslyperken, why I never interfered."

"Ay, ay, that's all very well; but you'll tell another story when you're all before the authorities."

"Perhaps I shall," replied Moggy, carelessly. "But I shall now wish you a good evening, Mr. Vanslyperken."

Thereupon Mr. Vanslyperken very valorously drew his sword, and flourished it over his head.

"You don't pass here, Mrs. Salisbury. No —no—it's my turn now."

"Your turn now, you beast!" retorted Moggy. "Why, if I wished to pass, this poker would soon clear the way; but I can pass without that, and I will give you the countersign. Hark! a word in your ear, you wretch. You are in my power. You have sent for a constable, and I swear by my own Jemmy's little finger, which is worth your old shrivelled carcass, that I shall give you in charge of the constable."

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

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"Yes, you—you wretch—you scum. Now I am going, stop me if you dare. Walls have ears, so I'll whisper. If you wish to send a constable after me, you'll find me at the house of the Jew Lazarus. Do you understand?"

Vanslyperken started back as if an adder had come before him, his sword dropped out of his hand, he stood transfixed.

"May I go now, Mr. Vanslyperken, or am I to wait for the constable? Silence gives consent," continued Moggy, making a mock courtesy, and walking out of the room.

For a minute, Vanslyperken remained in the same position. At last, bursting with his feelings, he snatched up his sword, put it into the sheath, and was about to quit the room, when in came the landlady with the constable.

"You vants me, sir?" said the man.

"I did," stammered Vanslyperken, "but she is gone."

"I must be paid for my trouble, sir, if you please."

Vanslyperken had again to pull out his purse;

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but this time he hardly felt the annoyance, for in his mind's eye his neck was already in the halter. He put the money into the man's hand without speaking, and then left the room, the landlady courtesying very low, and hoping that she soon should again have the pleasure of his company at the Wheatsheaf.

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CHAPTER XI.

In which Snarleyyow again triumphs over his enemies.

But we must return to the cabin, and state what took place during this long absence of the commander, who had gone on shore about three o'clock, and had given directions for his boat to be at the Point at sunset. There had been a council of war held on the forecastle, in which Corporal Van Spitter and Smallbones were the most prominent; and the meeting was held to debate, whether they should or should not make one more attempt to destroy the dog; singular that the arguments and observations very nearly coincided with

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those made use of by Vanslyperken and his mother, when they debated how to get rid of Smallbones.

"Water won't touch him, I sees that," observed Smallbones.

"No. Mein Gott, dat was to trow time and de trouble away," replied the corporal.

"Hanging's just as natural a death for a cur," observed Spurey.

"Yes," observed Short.

"I'm afeard that the rope's not laid that's to hang that animal," observed Coble, shaking his head. "If water won't do, I'm persuaded nothing will, for did not they use, in former days, to lay all spirits in the Red Sea?"

"Yes," quoth Short.

"But he ban't a spirit yet," replied Smallbones; "he be flesh and blood o' some sort. If I gets fairly rid of his body, d——n his soul, I say, he may keep that and welcome."

"But then, you know, he'll haunt us just as

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much as ever—we shall see him here just the same."

"A spirit is only a spirit," observed Smallbones; "he may live in the cabin all day and night afore I care; but, d'ye see, there's a great difference between the ghost of a dog, and the dog himself."

"Why, if the beast ar'n't natural, I can't see much odds," observed Spurey.

"But I can feel 'em," replied Smallbones. "This here dog has a-bitten me all to bits, but a ghost of a dog can't bite anyhow."

"No," replied Short.

"And now, d'ye see, as Obadiah Coble has said as how spirits must be laid, I think if we were to come for to go for to lay this here hanimal in the cold hearth, he may perhaps not be able to get up again."

"That's only a perhaps," observed Coble.

"Well, a perhaps is better than nothing at all," said the lad.

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"Yes," observed Short.

"That depends upon sarcumstances," observed Spurey. "What sort of a breakfast would you make upon a perhaps?"

"A good one, perhaps," replied Smallbones, grinning at the jingling of the words.

"Twenty dozen tyfels, Smallbones is in de right," observed Jansen, who had taken no part in the previous conversation. "Suppose you bury de dog, de dog body not get up again. Suppose he will come, his soul come, leave him body behind him."

"That's exactly my notion of the thing," observed Smallbones.

"Do you mean for to bury him alive?" inquired Spurey.

"Alive! Gott in himmel—no. I knock de brains out first, perry afterwards."

"There's some sense in that corporal."

"And the dog can't have much left anyhow, dog or devil, when his brains are all out."

"No," quoth Short.

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"But who is to do it?"

"Corporal and I," replied Smallbones; "we be agreed, ban't we, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"And now I votes that we tries it off-hand; what's the use of shilly-shally? I made a mortal vow that that 'ere dog and I won't live together—there ban't room enough for us two."

"It's a wide world, nevertheless," observed Coble, hitching up his trousers; "howsomever, I have nothing to say, but I wish you luck; but if you kill that dog, I'm a bishop—that's all."

"And if I don't try for to do so, I am an harchbishop, that's all," replied the gallant Smallbones. "Come along, corporal."

And here was to be beheld a novel scene. Smallbones followed in obedience by his former persecutor and his superior officer; a bag of bones—a reed—a lath—a scarecrow; like a pilot cutter ahead of an Indiaman, followed in his wake by Corporal Van Spitter, weighing twenty stone. How could this be? It was

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human nature. Smallbones took the lead, because he was the more courageous of the two, and the corporal following, proved he tacitly admitted it.

"He be a real bit of stuff, that 'ere Phil Smallbones," said one of the men.

"I thinks he be a supernatural himself, for my part," rejoined Spurey.

"At all events, he ar'n't afeard of him," said another.

"We shall see," replied Coble, squirting out his tobacco-juice under the gun.

"Come, men, we must go to work now. Shall we, Mr. Short?"

"Yes," replied the commanding officer, and the conference broke up.

In the mean time the consultation was continued between Smallbones and the corporal. The latter had received instruction to take on shore Mr. Vanslyperken's dirty linen to the washerwoman, and of course, as a corporal, he was not obliged to carry it, and would take

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Smallbones for that purpose. Then he could easily excuse taking the dog on shore, upon the plea of taking care of it. It was therefore so arranged; the dog would follow the corporal in the absence of his master, but no one else. In a few minutes the corporal, Smallbones, Snarley-yow, and a very small bundle of linen, were in the boat, and shoved off with as many good wishes and as much anxiety for their success, as probably Jason and his followers received when they departed in search of the Golden Fleece.

The three parties kept in company, and passed through the town of Portsmouth. The washerwoman lived outside the Lines, and there they proceeded, Snarleyyow very much in spirits at being able to eat the grass, which his health very much required. They walked on until they arrived at a large elm-tree, on the side of the road, which lay between two hedges and ditches.

"This will do," observed the corporal so-

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lemnly. "Mein Gott! I wish it was over," continued he, wiping the perspiration from his bull-forehead.

"How shall we kill him, corporal?" inquired Smallbones.

"Mein Gott! knock him head against de tree, I suppose."

"Yes," and bury him in the ditch. Here, dog — Snarleyyow — here, dog," said Smallbones; "come, a poor doggy—come here."

But Snarleyyow was not to be coaxed by Smallbones; he suspected treachery.

"He won't a-come to me, corporal, or I'd soon settle his hash," observed Smallbones.

The corporal had now got over a little panic which had seized him. He called Snarleyyow, who came immediately. Oh! had he imagined what the corporal was about to do, he might have died like Cæsar, exclaiming, "Et tu Brute," which, in plain English means, "and you—you brute."

The corporal, with a sort of desperation, laid

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hold of the dog by the tail, drawing him back till he could swing him round. In a second or two Snarleyyow was whirling round the corporal, who turned with him, gradually approaching the trunk of the elm-tree, till at last his head came in contact with it with a resounding blow, and the dog fell senseless. "Try it again, corporal, let's finish him." The corporal again swung round the inanimate body of the dog; again, and again, and again, did the head come in contact with the hard wood; and then the corporal, quite out of breath with the exertion, dropped the body on the grass. Neither of them spoke a word for some time, but watched the body, as it lay motionless, doubled up, with the fore and hind feet meeting each other, and the one eye closed.

"Well, I've a notion that he is done for, anyhow," said Smallbones, "at last."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal. "He never get on his legs again, be he tog or be he tyfel."

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"Now for to come for to go for to bury him," said Smallbones, swinging the dog by the tail, and dragging him towards the ditch. "I wonder if we could get a spade any where, corporal."

"Mein Gott! if we ask for a spade they will ask what for, and Vanslyperken may find it all out."

"Then I'll bury him and cover him up, any how; he'll not come to life again, if he does may I be knocked on the head like him, that's all." Smallbones dragged the body into the ditch, and collecting out of the other parts of the ditch a great quantity of wet leaves, covered the body a foot deep. "There, they won't find him now, because they won't know where to look for him. I say, corporal, I've a notion we had better not be seen here too long."

"No," said the corporal, wiping his forehead, putting his handkerchief in his cap, and his cap on his head; "we must go now."

They went to the washerwoman's, delivered

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the bundle, and then returned on board, when the whole crew were informed of the success of the expedition, and appeared quite satisfied that there was an end of the detested cur; all but Coble, who shook his head.

"We shall see," says he; "but I'm blessed if I don't expect the cur back to-morrow morning."

We must now return to Vanslyperken, who left the public house in a state of consternation. "How could she possibly know any thing about it?" exclaimed he. "My life in the power of that she-devil!" And Vanslyperken walked on, turning over the affair in his mind. "I have gone too far to retreat now. I must either go on, or fly the country. Fly, where? What a fool have I been!" but then Vanslyperken thought of the money. "No, no, not a fool, but I am very unfortunate." Vanslyperken continued his route, until it at last occurred to him that he would go to the Jew Lazarus, and speak with him; for, thought Vanslyperken, if

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all is discovered, they may think that I have informed, and then my life will be sought by both parties. Vanslyperken arrived at the Jew's abode, knocked softly, but received no answer: he knocked again, louder; a bustle and confusion was heard inside, and at last the door, with the chain fixed, was opened a couple of inches, and the Jew stammered out, "Wot vash there at this late hour of the night?"

"It is me, the lieutenant of the cutter," replied Vanslyperken. "I must speak with you directly."

The door was opened, several figures, and the clatter of arms, were heard in the dark passage, and as soon as Vanslyperken had entered it was relocked, and he was left in the dark.

In a minute the Jew, in a woollen wrapper, made his appearance with a light, and led Vanslyperken into the room where he had been shown before. "Now then, Mishter Leeftenant, vat vash de matter?"

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"We are discovered, I'm afraid!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Holy father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew, starting back. "But tell me vy you shay sho."

"A woman told me this night that she knew why I came to your house—that I was in her power."

"Vat woman?"

"A hell-cat, who hates me as she does the devil."

"A hell-cat vould not hate de divil," slowly observed the Jew.

"Well, perhaps not; but she will ruin me if she can."

"Vat vash her name?" said Lazarus.

"Moggy Salisbury."

"Paah! is dat all? vy, my good friend, she is one of us. Dere, you may go vay—you may go to bed, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat she laughed at you, and frighten

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you—dat she is one of us, and so is her husband, who vas in your chip. Ven you hang, she and I vill all hang together; now you comprehend?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I do now: but how could you trust such people?"

"Trust such people, Mr. Vanslyperken! If you prove as true as those peoples, vy all de bitter; now go avay—go to bed—you have vaked up all the peoples here. Good night, Mr. Leeftenant;" and the Jew led the way to the door, and let Vanslyperken out.

"So then," thought Vanslyperken, as he pursued his way down to the Point, "that woman and her husband are—damnation, but I've a great mind to discover all, if it's only to hang them." But on second thoughts, Vanslyperken thought that it was not worth while to be hanged himself, just for the pleasure of hanging others. It was a great relief to his mind to know that there was no fear of discovery. The tip of his nose itched, and he

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rubbed it mechanically; the rubbing brought away all the skin. He remembered the hot poker—the money he had been forced to pay—his being made to sing and to beg pardon on his knees; and he cursed Moggy in his heart, the more so, as he felt that he dared not take any steps against her.

When he came to the Point, he stood on the shingle, looking for his boat, but the men had waited till twelve o'clock, and then presuming that their commander did not intend to come at all that night, had pulled on board again. He was looking round for a waterman to pull him off, when something cold touched his hand. Vanslyperken started, and almost screamed with fear. He looked, and it was the cold nose of Snarleyyow, who now leaped upon his master.

"Snarleyyow, my poor dog! how came you on shore?"

But the dog not being able to speak, made no answer.

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While Vanslyperken was wondering how the dog could possibly have come on shore, and what Corporal Van Spitter could be about to have allowed it, the small casement of a garret window near him was opened, and a head was thrust out.

"Do you want to go on board, sir?" said a tremulous voice.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"I will be down directly, sir," replied the old boatman, who in a minute or two appeared with his sculls on his shoulder.

"Not easy to find a boat at this time of the morning, sir," said the man; "but I heard you speaking, for I've had such a toothache these two nights that I can't shut my eyes."

The old man unlocked the chain which fastened his wherry, and in a few minutes Vanslyperken was on the deck of the cutter, but he found there was no one to receive him, —no watch kept.

"Very well," thought he, "we'll talk about

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this to-morrow morning. Short or Coble, I wonder which of the two—pretty neglect of duty, indeed — report to the admiral, by heavens!"

So saying, Mr. Vanslyperken, with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin —undressed in the dark, for he would not let any one know that he was on board. It being about three o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Vanslyperken being well tired with the events of the day, he was soon in a sound sleep. There will be no difficulty in accounting for the return of the dog, which had a skull much thicker than even the corporal's. He had been stunned with the heavy blows, but not killed. After a certain time he came to himself in his bed of leaves, first scratched with one paw, and then with another, till his senses returned: he rose, worked his way out, and lay down to sleep. After he had taken a long nap, he rose recovered, shook himself, and trotted down to the beach, but the boat had

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shoved off, and the cur had remained there waiting for an opportunity to get on board, when his master came down with the same object in view.

But as every soul is fast asleep, we shall now finish the chapter.

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CHAPTER XII.

Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

VANSLYPERKEN was awakened three hours after he had fallen asleep by the noise of the buckets washing the decks. He heard the men talking on deck, and aware that no one knew that he was on board, he rose from his bed, and opened one of the sliding sashes of the skylight, that he might overhear the conversation. The first words he heard were from Bill Spurey.

"I say, Coble, I wonder what the skipper will say when he comes on board, and finds that the dog is gone?"

"Hoh! hoh!" thought Vanslyperken.

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"I arn't convinced that he is gone yet," replied Coble.

"Smallbones swears that he's settled, this time," replied Spurey.

"So he did before," replied Coble.

"Smallbones again," thought Vanslyperken. "I'll——Smallbones him, if I hang for it."

"Why, he says he buried him two feet deep."

"Ay, ay; but what's the use of burying an animal who's not a human creature? For my part, I say this, that the imp belongs to his master, and is bound to serve him as long as his master lives. When he dies the dog may be killed, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Why, with the blessing of God, they'll both go to hell together, and I don't care how soon."

"Kill me, you old villain!" muttered Vanslyperken, grinding his teeth.

"Well, any how, if the dog be not made away

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with, no more be Smallbones. He ar'n't afeard of the devil himself."

"No, not he; I'm of opinion Smallbones wa'n't sent here for nothing."

"He's escaped him twice, at all events."

"Then they know it," thought Vanslyperken, turning pale.

"Ay, and I will take you any bet you please, that the skipper never takes that boy's life. He's charmed, or I am a gudgeon."

Vanslyperken felt that it was his own suspicion, and he trembled at the idea of the lad being supernatural.

"Out of the way, Coble, or I'll fill your shoes," cried out one of the men slashing a bucket of water.

"That's not quite so easy, 'cause I've got boots on," replied Coble. "However, I'll take up another berth."

The men walked away, and Vanslyperken could hear no more; but he had heard quite enough. The life of the dog had been at-

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tempted by Smallbones, it was evident. Mr. Vanslyperken, after a little agitation, rang the bell.

"By all that's blue, the skipper's on board!" exclaimed the men on deck.

"When the devil did he come?"

"Not in my watch, at all events," replied Coble. "Did he come in yours, Short?"

"No," replied Short.

"Then it must have been in the corporal's."

"The corporal never called me, nor was he on deck," replied Coble. "I've a notion he never kept his watch."

The ring at the bell particularly concerned two people, the two culprits, Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter.

The latter made his appearance; but previous to his answering the bell, Mr. Vanslyperken had time to reflect. "So they think my dog is supernatural," said he; "so much the better. I'll make them believe it still

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more." Mr. Vanslyperken called the dog, and pointed to his bed. The dog, who was fond of a warm berth, and but seldom allowed to get on the bed, immediately jumped up into it when invited, and Mr. Vanslyperken patted him, and covered him up with the bedclothes. He then drew the curtains of the bed, and waited to see who would answer the bell. Corporal Van Spitter made his appearance.

"Corporal, I came on board very late, where have you put the dog? Bring him into the cabin."

Here the corporal, who was prepared, shook his head, smoothed down the hair of his forehead, and made a very melancholy face.

"It was all my fault, Mynheer Vanslyperken; yet I do for the best, but te tog be lost."

"How is that, corporal?"

The corporal then stated that he had taken the precaution to take the dog on shore, as he was afraid to leave it on board when he went to the washerwoman's, and that he was not long

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there, but while he was, the dog disappeared. He had looked every where, but could not find it.

"You took Smallbones with you?" said Vanslyperken.

"Yes, mynheer, to carry de linen."

"And where was he when you were at the washerwoman's."

"He was here and dere."

"I know that it was he who killed and buried the dog, corporal."

Corporal Van Spitter started; he thought he was discovered.

"Kilt and perryed, mein Gott!" said the corporal, obliged to say something.

"Yes, I overheard the men say so on deck, corporal. He must have taken the opportunity when you were in the house counting the linen."

Now the corporal had time to recover himself, and he argued that any thing was better

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than that he should be suspected. Smallbones was already known to have attempted the life of the dog, so he would leave the lieutenant in his error.

"Mein Gott! he is von d——d kill-dog feller," observed the corporal. "I look every where, I no find te tog. Den de dog is dead?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "but I'll punish the scoundrel, depend upon it. That will do, corporal; you may go."

As Snarleyyow remained perfectly quiet during this conversation, we must give Vanslyperken great credit for his manœuvre. The corporal went to Smallbones, and repeated what had passed. Smallbones snapped his fingers.

"He may keelhaul, or hang me, for all I care. The dog is dead. Never fear, corporal, I won't peach upon you. I'm game, and I'll die so—if so be I must."

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones. Small-

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bones, who was worked up to the highest state of excitement, came in boldly.

"So, you villain, you've killed my dog, and buried it."

"No, I ar'n't," replied Smallbones. "I knows nothing about your dog, sir.

"Why, the men on deck said so, you scoundrel, I heard them."

"I don't care what the men say; I never killed your dog, sir."

"You rascal, I'll have your life!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

Smallbones grinned diabolically, and Vanslyperken, who remembered all that the men had said in confirmation of his own opinion relative to Smallbones, turned pale. Smallbones, on his part, aware from Corporal Van Spitter, that the lieutenant had such an idea, immediately took advantage of the signs in the lieutenant's countenance, and drawled out,—"That's—not—so—easy!"

Vanslyperken turned away. "You may go

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now, sir, but depend upon it you shall feel my vengeance!" and Smallbones quitted the cabin.

Vanslyperken finished his toilet, and then turned the dog out of the bed.

He went on deck, and after he had walked a little while, sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult as to the best method of ascertaining what had become of Snarleyyow. Having entered apparently very earnestly into the corporal's arrangements, who was to go on shore immediately, he desired the corporal to see his breakfast got ready in the cabin.

It so happened, that the corporal went into the cabin, followed by Smallbones; the first object that met his view, was Snarleyyow, sitting upon the chest, scratching his ragged ear as if nothing had happened.

"Gott in himmel!" roared the corporal, turning back, and running out of the cabin, upsetting Smallbones, whom he met in the passage, and trotting, like an elephant, right over him. Nor was Smallbones the only one

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who suffered; two marines and three seamen were successively floored by the corporal, who, blinded with fear, never stopped till he ran his head butt against the lining in the fore peak of the cutter, which, with the timbers of the vessel, brought him up, not all standing, in one sense of the word, for in his mad career his head was dashed so violently against them, that the poor corporal fell down, stunned to insensibility.

In the mean time Smallbones had gained his feet, and was rubbing his ribs, to ascertain if they were all whole. "Well, I'm sure," said he, "if I ar'n't flattened for all the world like a pancake, with that 'ere corporal's weight. One may as well have a broad-wheel waggon at once go over one's body; but what could make him come for to go to run away bellowing in that ere manner? He must have seen the devil; or, perhaps," thought Smallbones, "that imp of the devil, Snarleyyow. I'll go and see what it was, anyhow."

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Smallbones, rubbing his abdomen, where the corporal had trod hardest, walked into the cabin, where he beheld the dog. He stood with his mouth wide open.

"I defy the devil and all his works," exclaimed he, at last, "and you be one of his, that's sartain. I fear God, and I honour the king, and the parish taught me to read the bible. There you be resurrectioned up again. Well, it's no use, I suppose. Satan, I defy you, anyhow, but it's very hard that a good Christian should have to get the breakfast ready, of which you'll eat one half; I don't see why I'm to wait upon the devil or his imps."

Then Smallbones stopped, and thought a little. "I wonder whether he bee'd dead, as I thought. Master came on board last night without no one knowing nothing about it, and he might have brought the dog with him, if so be he came to again. I won't believe that he's

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haltogether not to be made away with, for how come his eye out? Well, I don't care, I'm a good Christian, and may I be swamped if I don't try what he's made of yet! First time we cuts up beef, I'll try and chop your tail, anyhow, that I will, if I am hung for it."

Smallbones regained his determination. He set about laying the things for breakfast, and when they were ready he went up to the quarter-deck, reporting the same to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had expected to see him frightened out of his wits, and concluding his speech by saying, "If you please, sir, the dog be in the cabin, all right; I said as how I never kilt your dog, nor buried him neither."

"The dog in the cabin!" exclaimed Mr. Vanslyperken, with apparent astonishment. "Why, how the devil could he have come there?"

"He cummed off, I suppose sir, same way as you did, without nobody knowing nothing

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about it," drawled out Smallbones, who then walked away.

In the mean time the corporal had been picked up, and the men were attempting to recover him. Smallbones went forward to see what had become of him, and learnt how it was that he was insensible.

"Well, then," thought Smallbones, "it may have been all the same with the dog, and I believe there's humbug in it, for if the dog had made his appearance, as master pretends he did, all of a sudden, he'd a been more frightened than me."

So reasoned Smallbones, and he reasoned well. In the mean time the corporal opened his eyes, and gradually returned to his senses, and then for the first time, the ship's company, who were all down at their breakfast, demanded of Smallbones the reason of the corporal's conduct.

"Why," replied Smallbones, "because that

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'ere beast, Snarleyyow, be come back again, all alive, a'ter being dead and buried—he's in the cabin now—that's all."

"That's all!" exclaimed one. "All!" cried another. "The devil!" said a third.

"I said as how it would be," said Obadiah Coble—"that dog is no dog, as sure as I sit here."

The return of the dog certainly had a strong effect upon the whole of the ship's company. The corporal swore that he was not in the cabin, and that Mr. Vanslyperken had arranged for his going on shore to look for him, when all of a sudden the dog made his appearance, no one knew how. Smallbones found himself so much in the minority, that he said nothing. It was perfect heresy not to believe that the dog was sent from the lower regions; and as for any further attempts to destroy it, it was considered as perfect insanity.

But this renewed attempt on the part of Smallbones, for Vanslyperken was convinced

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that an attempt had been made, although it had not been successful, again excited the feelings of Mr. Vanslyperken against the lad, and he resolved somehow or another to retaliate. His anger overcame his awe, and he was reckless in his desire of vengeance. There was not the least suspicion of treachery on the part of Corporal Van Spitter in the heart of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the corporal played his double part so well, that if possible he was now higher in favour than ever.

After a day or two, during which Mr. Vanslyperken remained on board, he sent for the corporal, determining to sound him as to whether he would make any attempts upon Smallbones; for to such a height had Vanslyperken's enmity arrived, that he now resolved to part with some of his darling money, to tempt the corporal, rather than not get rid of the lad. After many hints thrown out, but not taken by the wily corporal, who was resolved that Vanslyperken should speak plainly, the deed and

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the reward of ten guineas were openly proclaimed, and Vanslyperken waited for the corporal's reply.

"Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken! suppose it vas possible, I not take your money, I do it wid pleasure; but, sir, it not possible."

"Not possible!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"No, mynheer," replied the corporal, "I not tell you all, tousand tyfil, I not tell you all;" and here the corporal put his hand to his forehead and was silent, much to Vanslyperken's amazement. But the fact was, that Corporal Van Spitter was thinking what he possibly could say. At last, a brilliant thought struck him—he narrated to the lieutenant how he had seen the ghost of Smallbones, as he thought, when he was floating about, adrift on the Zuyder Zee—described with great force his horror at the time of the appearance of the supernatural object, and tailed on to what he believed to be true, that which he knew to be false, to wit, that the apparition had cried out

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to him, that "*he was not to be hurt by mortal man.*" "Gott in Himmel," finished the corporal, "I never was so frightened in my life. I see him now, as plain as I see you, mynheer. Twenty tousand tyfils, but the voice was like de tunder—and his eye like de lightning—I fell back in one swoon. Ah, mein Gott, mein Gott!"

So well did the corporal play his part, that Vanslyperken became quite terrified; the candle appeared to burn dim, and he dared not move to snuff it. He could not but credit the corporal, for there was an earnestness of description, and a vividness of colouring, which could not have been invented; besides, was not the corporal his earnest and only friend? "Corporal," said Vanslyperken, "perhaps you'll like a glass of scheedam; there's some in the cupboard."

This was very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken, but he wanted one himself, much more than the corporal. The corporal produced the bottle

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and the glass, poured it out, made his military salute, and tossed it off.

"Give me another glass, corporal," said Vanslyperken, in a tremulous tone. The lieutenant took one, two, three glasses, one after another, to recover himself.

The corporal had really frightened him. He was convinced that Smallbones had a charmed life. Did he not float to the Nab buoy and back again?—did not a pistol ball pass through him without injury? Vanslyperken shuddered; he took a fresh glass, and then handed the bottle to the corporal, who helped himself, saluted, and the liquor again disappeared in a moment.

Dutch courage is proverbial, although a libel upon one of the bravest of nations. Vanslyperken now felt it, and again he commenced with the corporal. "What were the words?" inquired he.

"Dat he was not to be hurt by mortal man, mynheer. I can take mine piple oath of it." replied the corporal.

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"Damnation!" cried Vanslyperken; "but stop—mortal man—perhaps he may be hurt by woman."

"Dat is quite anoder ting, mynheer."

"He shan't escape if I can help it," retorted Vanslyperken. "I must think about it." Vanslyperken poured out another glass of scheedam, and pushed the stone bottle to the corporal, who helped himself without ceremony. Mr. Vanslyperken was now about two-thirds drunk, for he was not used to such a quantity of spirits.

"Now, if I had only been friends with that—that—hell-fire Moggy Salisbury," thought Vanslyperken, speaking aloud to himself.

"Mein Gott, yes, mynheer," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken took another glass—spilling a great deal on the table as he poured it out; he then covered his eyes with his hand, as if in thought. Thereupon the corporal filled without being asked; and, as he perceived that his

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superior remained in the same position, and did not observe him, he helped himself to a second glass, and then waited till Vanslyperken should speak again; but the liquor had overpowered him, and he spoke no more.

The corporal, after a few minutes, went up to his superior; he touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Mynheer," but he obtained no reply. On the contrary, the slight touch made Mr. Vanslyperken fall forward on the table. He was quite insensible.

So the corporal took him up in his arms, laid him in his bed, then taking possession of the lieutenant's chair, for he was tired of standing so long, he set to work to empty the bottle, which, being large and full at the time that it was produced from the cupboard, took some time, and before it was accomplished, the Corporal Van Spitter had fallen fast asleep in the chair. Shortly afterwards the candle burnt out, and the cabin was in darkness.

It was about three o'clock in the morning

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when Mr. Vanslyperken began to recover his senses, and as his recollection returned, so were his ears met with a stupendous roaring and unusual noise. It was, to his imagination, unearthly, for he had been troubled with wild dreams about Smallbones, and his appearance to the corporal. It sounded like thunder, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that he could plainly make out, "*Mortal man! mortal man!*" and, at times, the other words of the supernatural intimation to the corporal. The mortal man was drawn out in lengthened cadence, and in a manner truly horrible. Vanslyperken called out, "Mor—tal—man," was the reply.

Again Vanslyperken almost shrieked in a perspiration of fear. The sound now ceased; but it was followed up by a noise like the rattling of glasses, tumbling about of the chairs and table, and Vanslyperken buried his face under the clothes. Then the door, which had been shut, was heard by him to slam like thunder; and then Snarleyyow barked loud and

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deep. "Oh! God forgive me!" cried the terrified lieutenant. "Our Father—which art in heaven—save me—save me!"

Shortly afterwards the corporal made his appearance with a light, and inquired if Mr. Vanslyperken had called. He found him reeking with perspiration, and half dead with fear. In broken words he stated how he had been visited, and how the same intimation that no mortal man could hurt Smallbones had been rung into his ears.

"It was only one dream, Mynheer Vanslyperken," observed the corporal.

"No—it was no dream," replied Vanslyperken. "Stay in the cabin, good corporal."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, drawing the curtains of the bed; and then quietly picking up the various articles on the floor, the table and chairs which had been overturned.

Alas! Fear is the mate of guilt. All this horrid visitation was simply that Mr. Vanslyperken had heard the corporal's tremendous

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snoring, as he slept in the chair, and which his imagination had turned into the words, "Mortal man." The first exclamation of Mr. Vanslyperken had awoke the corporal, who, aware of the impropriety of his situation, had attempted to retreat; in so doing he had overturned the table and chairs, with the bottles and glasses upon them.

Fearful of discovery upon this unexpected noise, he had hastened out of the cabin, slammed the door, and waked up Snarleyyow; but he knew, from the exclamations of Vanslyperken, that the lieutenant was frightened out of his wits; so he very boldly returned with a candle to ascertain the result of the disturbance, and was delighted to find that the lieutenant was still under the delusion.

So soon as he had replaced everything, the corporal took a chair, and finding that he had fortunately put the cork into the stone bottle before he fell asleep, and that there was still one or two glasses in it, he drank them off, and

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waited patiently for daylight. By this time Vanslyperken was again asleep and snoring; so the corporal took away all the broken fragments, put the things in order, and left the cabin.

When Vanslyperken awoke and rang his bell, Smallbones entered. Vanslyperken got up, and finding the cabin as it was left the night before, was more than ever persuaded that he had been supernaturally visited. Fear made him quite civil to the lad, whose life he now considered, as the ship's company did that of the dog's, it was quite useless for him, at least, to attempt, and thus ends this chapter of horrors.

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CHAPTER XIV.

In which there is nothing very particular or very interesting.

We must now change the scene for a short time, and introduce to our readers a company assembled in the best inn which, at that time, was to be found in the town of Cherbourg. The room in which they were assembled was large in dimensions, but with a low ceiling—the windows were diminutive, and gave but a subdued light, on account of the vicinity of the houses opposite. The window-frames were small, and cut diamond-wise; and, in the centre of each of the panes, was a round of coarsely-painted glass. A narrow table ran nearly the length of the room, and, at each end of it, there was a large chimney, in both of which logs of

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wood were burning cheerfully. What are now termed *chaises longues*, were drawn to the sides of the table, or leaning against the walls of the room, which were without ornament, and neatly coloured with yellow ochre.

The company assembled might have been about thirty in number, of which half a dozen, perhaps, were in the ecclesiastical dress of the time; while the others wore the habiliments then appropriated to cavaliers or gentlemen, with very little difference from those as worn in the times of the Charleses in England, except that the cloak had been discarded, and the more substantial roquelaure substituted in its place. Most of the party were men who had not yet arrived to middle age, if we except the clericals, who were much more advanced in life; and any one, who had ever fallen in with the smuggling lugger and its crew, would have had no difficulty in recognising many of them, in the well-attired and evidently high-born and well-educated young men, who were seated or

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standing in the room. Among them Sir Robert Barclay was eminently conspicuous; he was standing by the fire conversing with two of the ecclesiastics.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "our worthy Father Lovell has just arrived from St. Germain; and, as the most rapid communication is now necessary, he is empowered to open here and before us, every despatch which we bring over, before it is transmitted to head-quarters, with permission to act as may seem best to the friends of his majesty here assembled."

The fact was, that King James had lately completely given himself up to religious exercises and mortification, and any communication to him was attended with so much delay, that it had been considered advisable to act without consulting him; and to avoid the delay consequent on the transmission of communications to Paris, the most active parties had determined that they would, for the present, take up their

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residence at Cherbourg, and merely transmit to their friends at St. Germain, an account of their proceedings, gaining, at least, a week by this arrangement. The party assembled had many names of some note. Among the ecclesiastics were Lovell, Collier, Snatt, and Cooke; among the cavaliers were those of Musgrave, Friend, and Perkins, whose relatives had suffered in the cause; Smith, Clancey, Herbert, Cunningham, Leslie, and many others.

When Sir Robert Barclay approached the table, the others took their seats in silence.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Robert, laying down the despatches, which had been opened, "you must be aware that our affairs now wear a very prosperous appearance. Supported as we are by many in the government of England, and by more in the House of Commons, with so many adherents here to our cause, we have every rational prospect of success. During the first three months of this year, much has been done; and, at the same time, it must be confessed that the

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usurper and the heretics have taken every step in their power to assail and to crush us. By this despatch, now in my hand, it appears that a Bill has passed the Commons, by which it is enacted, 'that no person born after the 25th March next, being a Papist, shall be capable of inheriting any title of honour or estate, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, or town of Berwick-on-the-Tweed.'"

Here, some of the ecclesiastics lifted up their eyes, others struck their clenched hands on the table, and the cavaliers, as if simultaneously, made the room ring, by seizing hold of the handles of their swords.

"And further, gentlemen, 'that no Papist shall be capable of purchasing any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, either in his own name, or in the name of any other person in trust for him.'"

The reader must be reminded, that in those days, there was no "Times" or "Morning Herald" laid upon the breakfast table with the

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debates of the House—that communication was anything but rapid, there being no regular post —so that what had taken place two months back, was very often news.

"It appears then, gentlemen, that our only chance is to win our properties with our own good swords."

"We will!" was the unanimous reply of the laity present.

"In Scotland, our adherents increase daily; the interests of so many have been betrayed by the usurper, that thousands of swords will start from their scabbards so soon as we can support the cause with the promised assistance of the court of Versailles: and we have here intelligence that the parliament are in a state of actual hostility to the usurper, and that the national ferment is so great as to be almost on the verge of rebellion. I have also gained from a private communication from our friend Ramsay, who is now at Amsterdam, and in a position to be most useful to us, that the usurper has intimated to

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his own countrymen, although it is not yet known in England, that he will return to the Hague in July. Such, gentlemen, is the intelligence I have to impart as respects our own prospects in our own country—to which I have to add, that the secret partition treaty, which is inimical to the interests of the French king, has been signed both in London and the Hague, as well as by the French envoy there. A more favourable occurrence for us, perhaps, never occurred, as it will only increase the already well-known ill-will of his Catholic Majesty against the usurper of his own father-in-law's crown. I have now, gentlemen, laid before you our present position and future prospects; and, as we are met to consult upon the propriety of further measures, I shall be most happy to hear the suggestions of others."

Sir Robert Barclay then sat down.

Lovell, the Jesuit, first rose. "I have," said he, "no opinion to offer relative to warlike arrangements, those not being suitable to my

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profession. I leave them to men, like Sir Robert, whose swords are always ready, and whose talents are so well able to direct their swords; still, it is well known, that the sources of war must be obtained, if war is to be carried on; and I have great pleasure in announcing to those assembled, that from our friends in England, I have received advice of the two several sums of ninety-three thousand pounds, and twenty-nine thousand pounds, sterling money, having been actually collected, and now held in trust for the support of the good cause; and, further, that the collections are still going on with rapidity and success. From his most Catholic Majesty we have received an order upon the minister for the sum of four thousand louis, which has been duly honoured, and from our blessed father, the Pope, an order for five hundred thousand paolis, amounting to about thirteen thousand pounds in sterling money, together with entire absolution for all sins al-

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ready committed, and about to be committed, and a secure promise of paradise to those who fall in the maintenance of the true faith and the legitimate king. I have, further, great expectations from Ireland, and many promises from other quarters, in support of the cause which, with the blessing of God, I trust will yet triumph."

As soon as Lovell sat down, Collier, the ecclesiastic, rose.

"That we shall find plenty of willing swords, and a sufficient supply of money for our purposes, there can be no doubt; but I wish to propose one question to the company here assembled. It is an undoubted article of the true faith, that we are bound to uphold it by any and by every means. All human attempts are justifiable in the service of God. Many have already been made to get rid of the usurper, but they have not been crowned with success, as we too well know; and the blood of

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our friends, many of whom were not accessories to the act, has been lavishly spilt by the insatiate heretic.

"But they have, before this, received immortal crowns, in suffering as martyrs in the cause of religion and justice. I still hold that our attempts to cut off the usurper should be continued; some hand more fortunate may succeed. But not only is his life to be taken, if possible, but the succession must be cut off root and branch. You all know that, of the many children born to the heretic William, all but one have been taken away from him in judgment for his manifold crimes. One only remains, the present Duke of Gloucester, and I do consider that this branch of heresy should be removed, even in preference to his parent, whose conduct is such as to assist our cause, and whose death may weaken the animosity of his Catholic Majesty, whose hostility is well known to be personal. I have neither men nor money to offer to you, but I have means, I

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trust, soon to accomplish this point, and I dedicate my useless life to the attempt."

It would occupy too much of our pages, if we were to narrate all that was said and done at this conference, which we have been obliged to report, as intimately connected with our history. Many others addressed the meeting, proposals were made, rejected, and acceded to. Lists of adherents were produced, and of those who might be gained over. Resolutions were entered into and recorded, and questions debated. Before the breaking up, the accounts of the sums expended, and the monies still on hand, were brought forward; and in the former items, the name of Vanslyperken appeared rather prominent. As soon as the accounts were audited, the conference broke up.

We have said that, among those who were at the conference, might be observed some persons who might be recognised as part of the crew of the lugger. Such was the case; Sir Robert Barclay and many others were men of

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good family, and stout Jacobites. These young men served in the boat with the other men, who were no more than common seamen; but this was considered necessary in those times of treachery. The lugger pulled eighteen oars, was clinker built, and very swift, even with a full cargo. The after-oars were pulled by the adherents of Sir Robert, and the arm-chest was stowed in the stern-sheets: so that these young men being always armed, no attempt to betray them, or to rise against them, on the part of the smugglers, had they been so inclined, could have succeeded. Ramsay's trust as steersman had been appropriated to Jemmy Salisbury, but no other alteration had taken place. We have entered into this detail to prove the activity of the Jacobite party. About an hour after the conference, Sir Robert and his cavaliers had resumed their seamen's attire, for they were to go over that night; and two hours before dusk, those who had been at a conference, in which the fate of kingdoms and

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crowned heads was at stake, were to be seen labouring at the oar, in company with common seamen, and urging the fast boat through the yielding waters, towards her haven at the cove.

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CHAPTER XV.

Besides other Matter, containing an Argument.

We left Ramsay domiciliated in the house of the syndic Van Krause, on excellent terms with his host, who looked upon him as the mirror of information, and not a little in the good graces of the syndic's daughter, Wilhelmina. There could not be a more favourable opportunity, perhaps, for a handsome and well-informed young man to prosecute his addresses and to gain the affections of the latter, were he so inclined. Wilhelmina had been brought up in every luxury, but isolated from the world. She was now just at the age at which it was

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her father's intention to introduce her; but romantic in her disposition, she cared little for the formal introduction which it was intended should take place. Neither had she seen, in any of the young Dutch aristocracy, most of whom were well known to her by sight, as pointed out to her by her father when riding with him, that form and personal appearance which her mind's eye had embodied in her visions of her future lover. Her mind was naturally refined, and she looked for that elegance and grace of deportment which she sought for in vain among her countrymen, but which had suddenly been presented to her in the person of Edward Ramsay.

In the few meetings of her father's friends at their house, the conversation was uninteresting, if not disgusting; for it was about goods and merchandise, money and speculation, occasionally interrupted by politics, which were to her of as little interest. How different was the demeanour, the address, and the conversation

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of the young Englishman, who had been bred in courts, and, at the same time, had travelled much! There was an interest in all he said, so much information blended with novelty and amusement, so much wit and pleasantry crowning all, that Wilhelmina was fascinated without her being aware of it; and, before the terms of intimacy had warranted her receiving his hand on meeting, she had already unconsciously given her heart. The opportunities arising from her father's close attention to his commercial affairs, and the mutual attraction which brought them together during the major part of the day, she, anxious to be amused, and he attracted by her youth and beauty, were taken advantage of by them both, and the consequence was that, before ten days, they were inseparable.

The syndic either did not perceive the danger to which his child was exposed, provided that there was any objection to the intimacy, or else,

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equally pleased with Ramsay, he had no objection to matters taking their course.

As for Ramsay, that he had at first cultivated the intimacy with Wilhelmina more perhaps from distraction than with any definite purpose, is certain; but he soon found that her attractions were too great to permit him to continue it, if he had not serious intentions. When he had entered his own room, before he had been a week in the house, he had taxed himself severely as to the nature of his feelings, and he was then convinced that he must avoid her company, which was impossible if he remained in the house, or, as a man of honour, make a timely retreat; for Ramsay was too honourable to trifle with the feelings of an innocent girl. Having well weighed this point, he then calculated the probability of his being discovered, and the propriety of his continuing his attentions to the daughter of one whom he was deceiving, and whose political opinions were at

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such variance with his own—but this was a point on which he could come to no decision. His duty to the cause he supported would not allow him to quit the house—to remain in the house without falling in love was impossible.

Why should his political opinions ever be known? and why should not Wilhelmina be of the same opinion as he was?—and why—— Ramsay fell asleep, putting these questions to himself, and the next morning he resolved that things should take their chance.

It was about a fortnight since the cutter had left for England. Ramsay was rather impatient for intelligence, but the cutter had not yet returned. Breakfast had been over some time, Mynheer Van Krause had descended to his warehouses, and Ramsay and Wilhelmina were sitting together upon one of the sofas in the saloon, both reclining and free from that restraint of which nothing but extreme intimacy will divest you.

"And so, my Wilhelmina," said Ramsay,

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taking up her hand, which lay listless at her side, and playing with her taper fingers, "you really think William of Nassau is a good man."

"And do not you, Ramsay?" replied Wilhelmina, surprised.

"However I may rejoice at his being on the throne of England, I doubt whether I can justify his conduct to the unfortunate King James; in leaguing against his own father-in-law and dispossessing him of his kingdom. Suppose now, Wilhelmina, that any fortunate man should become one day your husband: what a cruel — what a diabolical conduct it would be on his part—at least, so it appears to me—if, in return for your father putting him in possession of perhaps his greatest treasure on earth, he were to seize upon all your father's property, and leave him a beggar, because other people were to invite him so to do."

"I never heard it placed in that light before, Ramsay; that the alliance between King William and his father-in-law should have made

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him very scrupulous, I grant, but when the happiness of a nation depended upon it, ought not a person in William's situation to waive all minor considerations?"

"The happiness of a nation, Wilhelmina? In what way would you prove that so much was at stake?"

"Was not the Protestant religion at stake? Is not King James a bigoted Catholic?"

"I grant that, and therefore ought not to reign over a Protestant nation; but if you imagine that the happiness of any nation depends upon his religion, I am afraid you are deceived. Religion has been made the excuse for interfering with the happiness of a nation whenever no better excuse could be brought forward; but depend upon it, the mass of the people will never quarrel about religion if they are left alone, and their interests not interfered with. Had King James not committed himself in other points, he might have worshipped his Creator in any form he thought proper. That

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a Protestant king was all that was necessary to quiet the nation, is fully disproved by the present state of the country, now that the sceptre has been, for some years, swayed by King William, it being, at this moment, in a state very nearly approaching to rebellion."

"But is not that occasioned by the machinations of the Jacobite party, who are promoting dissension in every quarter?" replied Wilhelmina.

"I grant that they are not idle," replied Ramsay; "but observe the state of bitter variance between William and the House of Commons, which represents the people of England. What can religion have to do with that? No, Wilhelmina; although, in this country there are few who do not rejoice at their king being called to the throne of England, there are many, and those the most wise, in that country, who lament it quite as much."

"But why so?"

"Because mankind are governed by interest,

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and patriotism is little more than a cloak. The benefits to this country, by the alliance with England, are very great, especially in a commercial point of view, and therefore you will find no want of patriots; but to England the case is different; it is not her interest to be involved and mixed up in continental wars and dissensions, which must now inevitably be the case. Depend upon it, that posterity will find that England will have paid very dear for a Protestant king; religion is what every one is willing to admit the propriety and necessity of, until they are taxed to pay for it, and then it is astonishing how very indifferent, if not disgusted, they become to it."

"Why, Ramsay, one would never imagine you to be such a warm partisan of the present government, as I believe you really are, to hear you talk this morning," replied Wilhelmina.

"My public conduct, as belonging to a party, does not prevent my having my private opinions. To my party, I am, and ever will be stedfast;

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but knowing the world, and the secret springs of most people's actions, as I do, you must not be surprised at my being so candid with you, Wilhelmina. Our conversation, I believe, commenced upon the character of King William; and I will confess to you, that estimating the two characters in moral worth, I would infinitely prefer being the exiled and Catholic James than the unnatural and crowned King William?"

"You will say next, that you would just as soon be a Catholic as a Protestant."

"And if I had been brought up in the tenets of the one instead of the other, what difference would it have made, except that I should have adhered to the creed of my forefathers, and have worshipped the Almighty after their fashion, form, and ceremonies? And are not all religions good if they be sincere?—do not they all tend to the same object, and have the same goal in view—that of gaining heaven? Would you not prefer a good, honest, conscientious man, were he a Catholic, to a mean, intrigu-

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ing, and unworthy person, who professed himself a Protestant?"

"Most certainly; but I should prefer to the just Catholic, a man who was a just Protestant."

"That is but natural; but recollect, Wilhelmina, you have seen and heard, as yet, but one side of the question; and if I speak freely to you, it is only to give you the advantage of my experience from having mixed with the world. I am true to my party, and, as a man, I must belong to a party, or I become a nonentity. But were I in a condition so unshackled that I might take up or lay down my opinions as I pleased, without loss of character—as a woman may, for instance—so little do I care for party—so well balanced do I know the right and the wrong to be on both sides—that I would, to please one I loved, at once yield up my opinions, to agree with her, if she would not yield up her's to agree with mine."

"Then you think a woman might do so?

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that is no compliment to the sex, Ramsay; for it is as much as to assert that we have not only no weight or influence in the world, but also that we have no character or stability."

"Far from it; I only mean to say that women do not generally enter sufficiently into politics to care much for them; they generally imbibe the politics of those they live with, without further examination, and that it is no disgrace to them if they change them. Besides, there is one feeling in women so powerful as to conquer all others, and when once that enters the breast, the remainder are absorbed or become obedient to it."

"And that feeling is——"

"Love, Wilhelmina; and if a woman happens to have been brought up in one way of thinking by her parents, when she transfers her affections to her husband, should his politics be adverse, she will soon come round to his opinion, if she really loves him."

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"I am not quite so sure of that, Ramsay."

"I am quite sure she ought. Politics and party are ever a subject of dispute, and therefore should be avoided by a wife; besides, if a woman selects one as her husband, her guide and counsellor through life, one whom she swears to love, honour, cherish, and obey, she gives but a poor proof of it, if she does not yield up her judgment in all matters more peculiarly his province."

"You really put things in such a new light, Ramsay, that I hardly know how to answer you, even when I am not convinced."

"Because you have not had sufficient time for reflexion, Wilhelmina; but weigh well, and dwell upon what I have said, and then you will either acknowledge that I am right, or find arguments to prove that I am wrong. But you promised me some singing. Let me lead you into the music-room."

We have introduced this conversation between Wilhelmina and Ramsay, to show not

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only what influence he had already gained over the artless, yet intelligent girl, but also the way by which he considerately prepared her for the acknowledgment which he resolved to make to her on some future opportunity; for, although Ramsay cared little for deceiving the father, he would not have married the daughter without her being fully aware of who he was. These conversations were constantly renewed, as if accidentally, by Ramsay; and long before he had talked in direct terms of love, he had fully prepared her for it, so that he felt she would not receive a very severe shock when he threw off the mask, even when she discovered that he was a Catholic, and opposed to her father in religion as well as in politics. The fact was, that Ramsay, at first, was as much attracted by her wealth as by her personal charms; but, like many other men, as his love increased, so did he gradually become indifferent to her wealth, and he was determined to win her for his wife in spite of all obstacles, and even if he

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were obliged, to secure her hand, by carrying her off without the paternal consent.

Had it been requisite, it is not certain whether Ramsay might not have been persuaded to have abandoned his party, so infatuated had he at last become with the really fascinating Wilhelmina.

But Ramsay was interrupted in the middle of one of his most favourite songs, by old Koops, who informed him that the lieutenant of the cutter was waiting for him in his room. Apologising for the necessary absence, Ramsay quitted the music-room, and hastened to meet Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had received his orders to return to the Hague a few days after the fright he had received from the nasal organ of the corporal. In pursuance of his instructions from Ramsay, he had not failed to open all the government despatches, and extract their contents. He had also brought over letters from Ramsay's adherents.

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"You are sure these extracts are quite correct?" said Ramsay, after he had read them over.

"Quite so, sir," replied Vanslyperken.

"And you have been careful to seal the letters again, so as to avoid suspicion?"

"Does not my life depend upon it, Mr. Ramsay?"

"Very true, and also upon your fidelity to us. Here's your money. Let me know when you sail, and come for orders."

Vanslyperken then took his bag of money, made his bow, and departed, and Ramsay commenced reading over the letters received from his friends. Mynheer Van Krause observed Vanslyperken as he was leaving the house, and immediately hastened to Ramsay's room to inquire the news. A portion of the contents of the despatches were made known to him, and the syndic was very soon afterwards seen to walk out, leaving his people to mark and tally the bales which were hoisting out from a vessel in the canal. The fact was, that

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Mynheer Van Krause was so anxious to get rid of his secret, that he could not contain himself any longer, and had set off to communicate to one of the authorities what he had obtained.

"But from whence did you receive this intelligence, Mynheer Krause," demanded the other. "The despatches have not yet been opened; we are waiting for Mynheer Van Wejen. I suppose we shall learn something there. You knew all before we did, when the cutter arrived last time. You must have some important friends at the English court, Mynheer Van Krause."

Here Mynheer Krause nodded his head, and looked very knowing, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

But this particular friend of Mynheer Krause was also his particular enemy. Krause had lately imparted secrets which were supposed to be known and entrusted to none but those in the entire confidence of the government. How

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could he have obtained them unless by the treachery of some one at home; and why should Mynheer Krause, who was not trusted by the government there, notwithstanding his high civil office, because he was known to be unsafe, be trusted by some one at home, unless it were for treacherous purposes? So argued Mr. Krause's most particular friend, who thought it proper to make known his opinions on the subject, and to submit to the other authorities whether this was not a fair subject for representation in their next despatches to England; and in consequence of his suggestion, the representation was duly made. Mynheer Krause was not the first person whose tongue had got him into difficulties.

So soon as Vanslyperken had delivered his despatches to Ramsay, he proceeded to the widow Vandersloosh, when, as usual, he was received with every apparent mark of cordial welcome, was again installed on the little sofa, and again drank the beer of the widow's own

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brewing, and was permitted to take her fat hand. Babette inquired after the corporal, and, when rallied by the lieutenant, appeared to blush, and turned her head away. The widow also assisted in the play, and declared that it should be a match, and that Babette and herself should be married on the same day. As the evening drew nigh, Vanslyperken took his leave, and went on board, giving permission to the corporal to go on shore, and very soon the corporal was installed in his place.

This is a sad world of treachery and deceit.

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CHAPTER XVI.

In which the agency of a red-herring is again introduced into our wonderful history.

We are somewhat inclined to moralise. We did not intend to write this day. On the contrary, we had arranged for a party of pleasure and relaxation, in which the heels, and every other portion of the body upwards, except the brain, were to be employed, and that was to have a respite. The morning was fair, and we promised ourselves amusement, but we were deceived, and we returned to our task, as the rain poured down in torrents, washing the dirty face of mother earth. Yes, deceived; and here we cannot help observing, that this history of

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ours is a very true picture of human life—for what a complication of treachery does it not involve!

Smallbones is deceiving his master, Mr. Vanslyperken—the corporal is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken—the widow is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken, so is Babette, and the whole crew of the Yungfrau. Ramsay is deceiving his host and his mistress. All the Jacobites, in a mass, are plotting against and deceiving the government, and as for Mr. Vanslyperken; as it will soon appear, he is deceiving everybody, and will ultimately deceive himself. The only honest party in the whole history is the one most hated, as generally is the case in this world—I mean Snarleyyow. There is no deceit about him, and therefore, *par excellence*, he is fairly entitled to be the hero of, and to give his name to, the work. The next most honest party in the book is Wilhelmina; all the other women, except little Lilly, are cheats and impostors—and Lilly is too young; our

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readers may, therefore, be pleased to consider Snarleyyow and Wilhelmina as the hero and the heroine of the tale, and then it will leave one curious feature in it, the principals will not only not be united, but the tale will wind up without their ever seeing each other. *Allons en avant.*

But of all the treachery practised by all the parties, it certainly appears to us that the treachery of the widow was the most odious and diabolical. She was like a bloated spider, slowly entwining those threads for her victim which were to entrap him to his destruction, for she had vowed that she never would again be led to the hymeneal altar until Mr. Vanslyperken was hanged. Perhaps, the widow Vandersloosh was in a hurry to be married, at least, by her activity, it would so appear—but let us not anticipate.

The little sofa was fortunately like its build, strong as a cob, or it never could have borne the weight of two such lovers as the widow Vandersloosh and the Corporal Van Spitter;

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there they sat, she radiant with love and beer, he with ditto; their sides met, for the sofa exactly took them both in, without an inch to spare; their hands met, their eyes met, and whenever one raised the glass, the other was on the alert, and their glasses met and jingled—a more practical specimen of hob and nob was never witnessed. There was but one thing wanting to complete their happiness, which, unlike other people's, did not hang upon a thread, but something much stronger, it hung upon a cord; the cord which was to hang Mr. Vanslyperken.

And now the widow, like the three fates rolled into one, is weaving the woof, and, in good Dutch, is pouring into the attentive ear of the corporal her hopes and fears, her surmises, her wishes, her anticipations, and her desires—and he imbibes them all greedily, washing them down with the beer of the widow's own brewing.

"He has not been to the house opposite

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these two last arrivals," said the widow, "that is certain; for Babette and I have been on the watch. There was hanging matter there. Now I won't believe but that he must go somewhere; he carries his letters, and takes his gold as before, depend upon it. Yes, and I will find it out. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who is the 'cutest—you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"Now he landed a passenger last time, which he called a king's messenger, and I am as sure as I sit here that he was no king's messenger, unless he was one of King James's as was; for look you, Corporal Van Spitter, do you suppose that King William would employ an Englishman, as you say he was, for a messenger, when a Dutchman was to be had for love or money?"

"No, no, we must find out where he goes to. I will have some one on the look out when you come again, and then set Babette on the

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watch; she shall track him up to the den of his treachery. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who gains the day, you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott! yes," replied the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I've been thinking over all this ever since your absence, and all you have told me about his cowardly attempts upon that poor boy's life, and his still greater cowardice in believing such stuff as you have made him believe about the lad not being injured by mortal man. Stuff and nonsense! the lad is but a lad."

"Mein Gott! yes," said the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I'll tell you something else, which is, that you and the Yungfraus are just as great fools as Mynheer Vanslyperken, in believing all that stuff and nonsense about the dog. The dog is but a dog."

This was rather a trial to the corporal's politeness; to deny what the widow said, might displease, and, as he firmly believed otherwise,

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he was put to a nonplus; but the widow looked him full in the face, expecting assent, so at last the corporal drawled out, "Mein Gott! yes—a tog is but a tog."

The widow was satisfied, and not perceiving the nice distinction, continued.

"Well, then, corporal, as a lad is but a lad, and a dog is but a dog, I have been setting my wits to work about getting the rascally traitor in my power. I mean to pretend to take every interest in him, and to get all his secrets, and then, when he tells me that Smallbones cannot be hurt by mortal man, I shall say he can by woman, at all events; and then I shall make a proposition, which he'll accept fast enough, and then I'll have more hanging matter for him, besides getting rid of the cur. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, match a woman if you can. We'll see if your dog is to take possession of my bed-room again."

"Mein Gott! yes," replied the corporal again.

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"And now I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Corporal; I will prepare it myself; and, then, Mr. Vanslyperken shall have it grilled for his breakfast, and then he shall not eat it, but leave it for Smallbones, and then Smallbones shall pretend to eat it, but put it in his pocket, and then (for it won't do to do it on board, or he'll find out that the lad has given it to the dog) he shall bring it on shore, and give it to the dog here in the yard, so that he shall kill the dog himself, by wishing to kill others. Do you understand, corporal?"

"Mein Gott! yes, I understand what you say; but what is it that you are to prepare?"

"What? why, a red-herring to be sure."

"But how will a red-herring kill a body or a dog?"

"Lord, corporal, how stupid you are; I'm to put arsenic in."

"Yes; but you left that out till now."

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"Did I? well, that was an oversight; but now, corporal, you understand it all?"

"Mein Gott! yes; but if the lad does not die, what will he think?"

"Think! that he can take poison like pea-soup, without injury, and that neither man nor woman can take his life; be afraid of the lad, and leave him alone."

"Mein Gott! yes," replied the rather obtuse corporal, who now understood the whole plot.

Such was the snare laid for Mr. Vanslyperken by the treacherous widow; and before the cutter sailed, it was put in execution. She received the lieutenant now as an accepted lover, allowed him to talk of the day, wormed out of him all his secrets except that of his treason, abused Smallbones, and acknowledged that she had been too hasty about the dog, which she would be very happy to see on shore. Vanslyperken could hardly believe his

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senses—the widow forgive Snarleyyow, and all for his sake, he was delighted, enchanted, threw himself at her feet, and vowed eternal gratitude with his lips—but vengeance in his heart.

Oh! Mr. Vanslyperken, you deserved to be deceived.

The dislike expressed by the widow against Smallbones was also very agreeable to the lieutenant, and he made her his confidant, stating what the corporal had told him relative to the appearance of Smallbones when he was adrift.

"Well then, lieutenant," said the widow, "if mortal man can't hurt him, mortal woman may; and for my love for you I will prepare what will rid you of him. But, Vanslyperken, recollect there's nothing I would not do for you; but if it were found out—O dear! O dear!"

The widow then informed him that she would prepare a red-herring with arsenic, which

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he should take on board, and order Smallbones to grill for his breakfast; that he was to pretend not to be well, and to allow it to be taken away by the lad, who would, of course, eat it fast enough.

"Excellent!" replied Vanslyperken, who felt not only that he should get rid of Smallbones, but have the widow in his power. "Dearest widow, how can I be sufficiently grateful? Oh! how kind, how amiable you are!" continued Vanslyperken, mumbling her fat fingers, which the widow abandoned to him without reserve.

Who would have believed that, between these two, there existed a deadly hatred? We might imagine such a thing to take place in the refinement and artificial air of a court, but not in a Dutch Lust Haus at Amsterdam. That evening, before his departure, did the widow present her swain with the fatal herring; and the swain received it with as many marks of gratitude and respect, as some knight in

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ancient times would have shown when presented with some magical gift by his favouring genius.

The red-herring itself was but a red-herring, but the charm consisted in the two-pennyworth of arsenic.

The next morning Vanslyperken did not fail to order the red-herring for his breakfast, but took good care not to eat it.

Smallbones who had been duly apprized of the whole plan, asked his master, as he cleared away, whether he should keep the red-herring for the next day; but Mr. Vanslyperken very graciously informed him that he might eat it himself. About an hour afterwards Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, taking with him, for the first time, Snarleyyow, and desiring Smallbones to come with him, with a bag of biscuit for the widow. This plan had been proposed by the widow, as Smallbones might be supposed to have eaten something on shore. Smallbones took as good care as his master

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not to eat the herring, but put it in his pocket as a *bonne bouche* for Snarleyyow. Mr. Vanslyperken, as they pulled on shore, thought that the lad smelt very strong of herring, and this satisfied him that he had eaten it; but to make more sure, he exclaimed, "Confound it, how you smell of red-herring!"

"That's all along of having eaten one, sir," replied Smallbones, grinning.

"You'll grin in another way before an hour is over," thought his master.

The lieutenant, the dog, and the biscuit, were all graciously received.

"Has he eaten it?" inquired the widow.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, with a nod. "Empty the bag, and I will send him on board again."

"Not yet, not yet—give him half an hour to saunter, it will be better. That poor dog of yours must want a little grass," said the widow, "always being on board. Let him run a little in the yard, he will find plenty there."

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The obedient lieutenant opened the back-door, and Snarleyyow, who had not forgotten either the widow or Babette, went out of his own accord. Mr. Vanslyperken looked to ascertain if the yard-door, which led to the street, was fast, and then returned, shutting the back-door after him.

Smallbones was waiting at the porch as usual.

"Babette," cried the widow, "mind you don't open the yard-door and let Mr. Vanslyperken's dog out. Do you hear?"

Smallbones, who understood this as the signal, immediately slipped round, opened the yard-door, took the herring out of his pocket, and threw it to Snarleyyow. The dog came to it, smelt it, seized it, and walked off, with his ears and tail up, to the sunny side of the yard, intending to have a good meal; and Smallbones, who was afraid of Mr. Vanslyperken catching him in the fact, came out of the yard, and hastened to his former post at the porch.

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He caught Babette's eye, coming down stairs, and winked and smiled. Babette walked into the room, caught the eye of the mistress, and winked and smiled. Upon which, the widow ordered Babette to empty the bread-bag and give it to Smallbones, to take on board,—an order repeated by Vanslyperken. Before he returned to the boat, Smallbones again passed round to the yard-door. Snarleyyow was there, but no signs of the red-herring. "He's a eaten it all, by gum," said Smallbones, grinning, and walking away to the boat, with the bread-bag over his shoulder. As soon as he had arrived on board, the lad communicated the fact to the crew of the Yungfrau, whose spirits were raised by the intelligence, with the exception still of old Coble, who shook his head, and declared, "It was two-pence and a red-herring thrown away."

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board in the afternoon, fully expecting to hear of Smallbones being very ill. He was surprised that

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the man in the boat did not tell him, and he asked them carelessly if there was any thing new on board, but received a reply in the negative. When he came on board, followed by Snarleyyow, the eyes of the crew were directed towards the dog, to see how he looked; but he appeared just as lively and as cross-grained as ever, and they all shook their heads.

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones, and looked him hard in the face. "Ar'n't you well?" inquired he.

"Well, sir!" replied Smallbones: "I'd a bit of a twinge in my stummick, this morning, but it's all gone off now."

Mr. Vanslyperken waited the whole day for Smallbones to die, but he did not. The crew of the vessel waited the whole day for the cur to die, but he did not. What inference could be drawn. The crew made up their minds that the dog was supernatural; and old Coble told

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them that he told them so. Mr. Vanslyperken made up his mind that Smallbones was supernatural, and the corporal shook his head, and told him that he told him so.

The reason why Snarleyyow did not die was simply this, that he did not eat the red-herring. He had just laid it between his paws, and was about to commence, when Smallbones, having left the yard-door open in his hurry, the dog was perceived by a dog bigger than he, who happened to pass that way, and who pounced upon Snarleyyow, trampling him over and over, and walked off with the red-herring, which he had better have left alone, as he was found dead the next morning.

The widow heard, both from the corporal and Vanslyperken, the failure of both their projects. That Smallbones was not poisoned she was not surprised to hear, but she took care to agree with Vanslyperken that all attempts upon him were useless; but that the dog still lived was

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indeed a matter of surprise, and the widow became a convert to the corporal's opinion that the dog was not to be destroyed.

"A whole two-pennyworth of arsenic! Babette, only think what a cur it must be!" And Babette, as well as her mistress, lifted up her hands in amazement, exclaiming, "What a cur indeed!"

END OF VOLUME II.

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